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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



Sincerely Yours
Cecilie Mann Tilt

POINTS OF INTEREST

OF

GLoucester IN SONG.

With Illustrations.

BY

CLARENCE MANNING FALT,

1894.

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BOSTON:
ALFRED MUDGE & SON, PRINTERS
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1894.

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BY
CLARENCE MANNING FALL

To the Memory

of

MY DEAR UNFORGOTTEN MOTHER,

THIS HUMBLE VOLUME

OF VERSE

IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED,

CLARENCE MANNING FARR.

INTRODUCTION.

AGAIN I offer to my friends and the public in general my humble cravings from the Muse of Poesy, trusting that they may interest and give pleasure to my readers. To those who have grown up from childhood amid the grandeur and solemnity of these scenes, to the stranger who has become familiar with them, may their hearts be quickened with a keener appreciation for, and a deeper sympathy with, all that has made Gloucester and its suburbs charming and historic.

It is with no pretensions that I offer this book of verse to my readers, cognizant of the fact that there is much crudity in the writings. But trust that after the wheat is sifted bits of golden grain may be found among the chaff.

Sincerely,

CLARENCE MANNING FALT.

SEPT. 19, 1891.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
THE WATCHER	7
TO A FIELD OF WAVING GRASS	11
FOG BELL AND WHISTLING BEE, EASTERN POINT LIGHTHOUSE	13
THE OLD FORT, EASTERN POINT	14
TO A MACKEREL GULF	15
NIGHTHAWK AT BRACE'S COVE	16
THE BIMO LEDGES	18
THE GEORGEMEN	22
MOTHER ANN	25
THE WILD COLUMBIAN	27
UNDER THE KIP	30
NIGHTHAWK AT TURK'S HEAD	31
TO A DRY	35
AN ARTHUR	38
AFTER THE STORM	39
A JUNE MORNING	40
A LEGEND OF THE WHIPPING POST, MIDDLE STREET	42
TOWARD NORMAN'S WOE	45
TO A BUTTERFLY	46
THE DORY FELL	48
AT THE HOME OF THE HISTORIAN BAISON	54
MY NATIVE HILLS	55
LOU'S WHEE	58
THE DEATH OF THE SLIPPER	59
AN APRIL MORNING	64
THE SEA GULLS	66
TO THE ANNOSAUM RIVER	67
THE HERRING TORCHIES	71
TO THE WILLOWS OF RIVETDALE	72
A WINTER'S DAY AT RAFF'S CHASM	75
THE RIVALS	76
AT PATCH WILLOWS	78
THE BELL, THE WHISTLE, AND THE BEE	83
THE SQUIRREL	85

	Page
EVENING AT WINGAERSHEEK BEACH	87
FOR BURIAL AT SEA	90
AT BASS ROCKS	93
THE FISHERMEN	96
MY HERONS	97
THE IRON CROOK AND MAGNOLIA	98
THE FAIR SNOWDOWNS	100
TO A CUCKOO	101
AT PIGEON COVE	102
THE BEEFERS	103
THE GRASSHOPPER	105
THE FIELD MICE	108
A DAY WITH SHAKESPEARE AT THE SINGING SANDS	110
THE DISCHARGE	112
TO THE HEROES OF THE AMSTERDAM	118
WHEN WINDS FLEW DEAD AHEAD	119
EVENING AT NILES BEACH	123
A KID FOR HIS KEEPS	126
TO A MESSINA FINNE	127
FOR THE LADY IN THE GREEN	129
A WINTER BANKER	131
ONE AUTUMN DAY	132



The Watcher.

THE WATCHER.

Below the furrowing pebbles high,
Where black weeds drift and foam birds fly
Where crownen feast and gull, and loon
Echoes the sea's Ledeye'an rune,
Where hull and helm lie useless things,
And pensively the hill bird sings,
Where fragrant hoofs of wand'ring kine
Have fashioned quaint pathways, most divine.
Through violets blue, and May blooms white,
And roses sweet as the even's light,
A carven face looks up to me,
On the threshold of the mighty sea.

With massive brow, intrenched with cares,
Piercing the heart of the north, it stares,
The mid-vault of the arching sky
Tense to the stare of its riv'n eye.
His mighty throat that seems to breathe,
The white foams coralet and wreath,
While ghostly from his voiceless lips,
The wrathful tempest sullen drips
Though passion, with a tortured soul,
Had read the deep, a craven scroll,
And bade those silent lips to speak
Some mystic rite, it fierce would wreak.

In fluted robes of kelpen gold,
Strange fashioned in the ocean old,
His mighty form, dark-hid, unseen,
Lies adamant 'neath billows green :

Stern with the aspect of affront,
He heedless hears the deep's weird chaunt,
Or even swerves, when, white as down,
The billows thronged with rent weeds brown,
And phosphors spark'ling to their hem,
His mighty brow doth diadem,
And crown him silent, fierce, and free,
Enveiled in awe and mystery.

I look on him, and strange desery,
The slumbering ages, hovering nigh.
Time with his sculptors, gaunt and old,
Carving the sea-cliff, dank and bold,
Rounding the forehead, high and true,
Bringing the lines of care to view,
Giving the eye its piercing stare,
Sinking the cheek with its despair,
Moulding the lips and firm round chin,
Waking the phantom soul within,
Fulling the massive throat divine,
Perfect with many a veinéd line.

When Boreal spreads its flaming fan,
And girts eternity's broad span,
And cressets of the meteor's blaze
To light the ghost birds on their ways,
To breed and brood upon the world
A fairy throng of phantoms pearléd,
And all the shores a marbled hall,
Where canny spirits seem to call,
And pale, a frightened thing at bay,
The gray east, leads the shivering day
Adown the frost stairs of the morn,
Like one forgotten and forlorn.

And like weird argosies of death,
Athrough the vapor's purpling breath,
As if by Charon phantom led,
When night uplifts her Stygian head,
You faint descriy the fisher fleet,
Gulfed where the ice-clogged combers beat
Deep furrows in the laboring sea,
Tossing against infinity,
Far out, where seems the sky to lean
Recumbent on the billows green,
Far out, where phosphors kiss the stars
Through em'rald screens of frostlike bars.

Far out where white-winged sea gulls go,
Like ghostly couriers of the snow,
Their white breasts breathing on the wave
Some sweet tryst Aphrodite gave
Long, long ago, when Love ne'er died,
And Poesy, her garlands tied
On great Olympus, myrtle crowned,
The while the Muses danced around,
When beautiful, from out the deep,
She passion-woke the god of Sleep,
And gave her spirit unto Time,
Forever for the seas to chime.

Still pillow'd in the sea-drenched ledges,
Gulched by time's mysterious wedges,
Where bellowing race the shattered seas,
Like frenzied white-foamed coyotes
Roving the prairies of the deep,
Spray-spent and drenched, he watch doth keep.
Though prostrate slab and shattered scroll
Lie symboling a Past's great whole,

And records torn from Chaos' grasp
Time read, the wrinkling shores do clasp,
Full with the themes of ages' lore
The exodus of tempests store.

And columns grand as Karnak's own,
Lift where the damp blue film is thrown
To mingle in the purer air,
And fade into the mystic, where?
And life has waked from slumbering sleep
The stern-delved secrets earth did keep,
And night and day, upon the main,
The argosies of traffic's train,
White pinioned, wing, where'er you scan,
Ferreting out the plans of man,
Conservative, a mystery,
He ferrets the infinity.

NOTE. — This wonderful phenomenon of Time and Nature was discovered by me in one of my many strolls of the coast. For years I have held its secret my own, until this July of 1894, when I made the knowledge of its existence known. I leave it to the public to judge whether it is worthy my adulations. Though the name I have given it, "The Watcher," may sound commonplace, its riven stare, its piercing eye, have ever cried to me that something far away within the great infinity, beyond the thoughts and souls of men, it silent sees. It stands facing the north, midway of that part of the coast known as the "High Pebbles."

TO A FIELD OF WAVING GRASS.

Thou'rt the people of nature,
 Oh emerald mass !
The yeomen of Flora,
 Oh waving grass !
The sea of the bee,
 And the carpet of earth,
The fair nursery
 Of spring's sweet birth.

Thou'rt the insect's Rialto,
 The daisy's sweet mart,
The gym of the swallow
 To practise his art.
The acolyte prostrate,
 Demeter bends low,
When the sun god is late
 And the withered leaves blow.

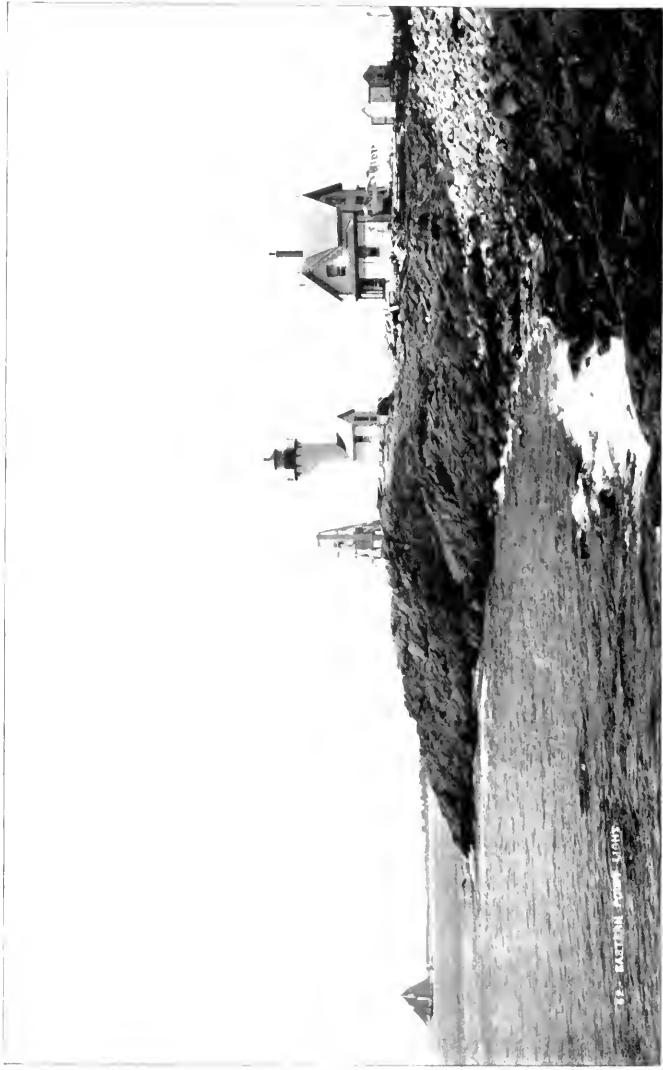
The palette of sunbeams,
 The tapers of dew,
The couch of man's dreams
 To memory's review.
The feeder of life
 To beast and of man ;
The calm veil o'er strife
 When the heart's blood it ran.

Thou'rt the shroud of the grave,
 Dark hid, and sweet seen ;
The zephyr's sweet slave
 To sway and careen.

A beautiful world
In thyself, vast and free
A power grand hurled
In one great unity.

Thou symbol'st the truth
That nothing shall die,
Beshriveled, uncouth
Or lovely thou lie,
The emblem divine
That thrones high above
The beautiful sign
Of eternal love.

Thou matin the morn
And vesper the eve,
The jewels fair born
When earth ceased to grieve,
E'en in thy humbleness
Where'er I pass
I see God and bless
Thee, beautiful grass.



Fog Bell and Whistling Buoy, Eastern Point Lighthouse.

FOG BELL AND WHISTLING BUOY, EASTERN
POINT LIGHTHOUSE.

Two voices send a welcome cry,

Two voices, through the mists and rain ;
With matted locks, and sunken eye,

Ho ! ancient fisher, back again ?

For thee, for thee, we welcomes roll,
Whoo ! Whoop ! Toll — Toll !

Ho ! gray gulls, tired, sweeping on,

Not long the fogs shall blind thy way ;
Red mussels thou shalt feed upon,

'Mid creamy lace that hems the bay ;

But patient wait to cheer they roll,
Whoo ! Whoop ! Toll — Toll !

Ho ! brave young hearts that toil unseen,

We hear the creak of kelp-draped oar,
When o'er the cobble frail you lean,

And pull the glistening net to shore,

Beware the reef, beware the shoal,
Whoo ! Whoop ! Toll — Toll !

Ho ! weary hearts, why wail and weep ?

Why eager watch with faces wan ?
A stern-kept tryst from them we keep,

To louder cry, to sharper clang,

When cold white fogs would fierce control,
Whoo ! Whoop ! Toll — Toll !

By day, by night, in the red light's glare,

Each voice is heard, each form is seen ;
One alone by the tower fair,

One in the sea enrobed in green,

While ever brave they welcomes roll,
Whoo ! Whoop ! Toll — Toll !

THE OLD FORT, EASTERN POINT.

BLOODLESS monument of carnage,
Bloodless monument of fray,
Shrine of Flora's fondest homage,
Crumbling slowly to decay;
By the harbor, refuge keeping,
By the broad, blue ocean old,
May that peace, around thee sleeping,
Guard stern war, years manifold.

Fragile flowerets 'round thee growing,
Blooming o'er no lonely grave;
Murm'ring brooklets, sweetly flowing,
Guiltless of one rubied wave;
Birds, bright sunshine, happy pleasure,
Beauties fair, bedeck thy sod,—
Children of Demeter's leisure
Teaching man to rev'rence God.

Virgin relic of sad strife,
Bloodless mark of liberty,
That to nightly hearts gave life,
Boundless as eternity,
Peaceful sleep, unmarred as yet,
By no ruthless tyrant's hand,
In thy floral dreamland set,
By sweet sylvan breezes fanned.

TO A MACKEREL GULL,

WHAT wind c'er blew mad enough for thee
Frail little wanderer, tempest blown?
Bewild'ring sprite of the deep blue sea,
Is fear unto thee a thing unknown?

From mighty billows, sea-drenched and tossed,
Soaring aloft, 'mid the clouds to roam
To dizzying heights, a moment lost
Back, back again 'mid the seething foam,

Whirling, careering, screaming, fretting,
Snatching the bits of the rended weed,
On snowy plumes, a moment resting
Vying with them in furious speed.

The mad'ning kiss of the ocean's crest,
The parting glance of some sunset old,
Still lingers soft on thy milk-white breast,
And on thy delicate beak of gold.

The love of some unforgotten eve
Has Fancy wove on thy wings outspread;
And, not content, did tenderly leave
Her sweet caress on thy graceful head.

Night and her myriad shining gems
Illuminate thy bright eyes of jet.
What jewels in princely diadems
Of rarer worth, or finer set?

NIGHT-FALL AT BRACE'S COVE.

The gray eve sinks upon the sea,
And, like leviathans asleep,
The Brace Rocks lift their masonry
Above the deep.

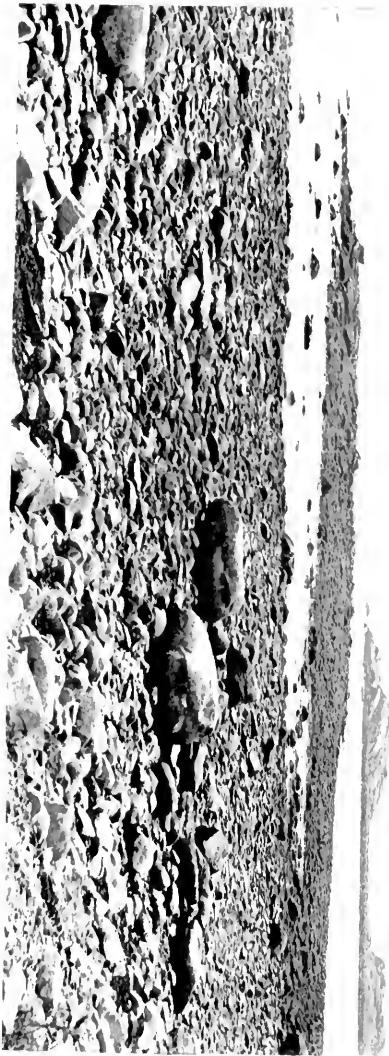
Love sends its notes, and voices sweet
Respond from every hill and glade,
While kine with meadow-scented feet
Seek sylvan shade.

The buttercups and daisies white
With dewy burdens bend to earth,
Who meets them with caresses light
For sleep's sweet birth.

The clovers bend each tasselled head,
Weary, as evening zephyrs kiss,
As if from day they sweet had wed
Enough of bliss.

The croaking rooks and sea-gulls hie
To fond old haunts they ne'er can leave,
And wing across the azure sky
For rest's retrieve.

The silver sails to shadows fade
Where sea and sky do seem to meet,
As if there night for aye had made
Its biding seat.



Brace's Cove

As if from heaven sweet stars once fell,
The ocean beacons light the night,
And flash across each heaving swell
Their ruddy light.

The snowy phosphors flashing hiss
Till every sea like a bride is veiled,
And hurries on, for some sweet kiss
That love has failed.

Oh, blissful time! when o'er the heart
Joy's tender impulses do flow,
When Day bids all her cares depart,
And suns sink low,

Oh, happy time! when nature leaves
Upon the soul her pictures fair,
And an almighty Power weaves
A balm to care.

THE BEMO LEDGES.

Out from the mother-land,
Monarchs enthroned they stand,
Work of Almighty's hand,
Ages ago.

Draped is each lofty height
With evening's splendors bright
While a sea, lazulite,
Sweetly doth glow.

Children of nature free,
Birds of the dark blue sea,
Knowing not aught but glee,
With pinions low :

Crowneth each knightly head,
By a divine hand led,
To a divine love wed,
Ages ago.

In lace by mermen knit,
Sea-gulls in splendor sit,
Fleet brants to coverts flit,
While weird and low,

Shrill o'er each rocky hall
Loons to their mates low call,
As the dark shadows fall
O'er the Bemo.

Out from a world of night,
Silent in chaos dight,
Clove they God's holy light,
Ages ago?

Or from grim Arctic's blight,
Hid in the glaciers white,
Hurled in some ghostly flight,
Ages ago?

Wrapped in some phantom tomb,
Floating the silent gloom,
When nought but void did loom,
Ages ago.

What eye beheld or saw
They in their ghostly awe,
Working God's wond'rous law,
Ages ago?

Saw they the Norsemen's sail,
Far from where winds do wail,
Out from the snow and hail,
Ages ago?

Lief with his stalwart crew,
Braving the ocean blue,
Dreaming of bright worlds new,
Ages ago?

Saw they the birch canoe
Float in the cove so blue,
Filled with its swarthy crew,
Ages ago?

Saw when the pirate came,
Heard they the cry of shame,
Saw they the eye aflame,
Ages ago?

Welcomed that saintly race,
Pilgrims with tired face,
By them some resting place,
Ages ago?

Heard they their voices chime
Sweet in some saintly rhyme,
They knew that happy time,
Ages ago?

Kneeling in silent prayer,
White locks and gold, bowed there,
Maidens lovely and fair,
Ages ago?

Years they have passed and fled;
Still from each weary bed,
Lifting each hoary head,
Like long ago;

Furrowed by ages old,
Furrowed by winters cold,
Furrowed by Boreas bold,
Stand the Bemo.

Bearding still wind and rain,
Gashed by the treach'rous main,
Like Lear in woe again,
Stand the Bemo.

Kissed by the summer's wave,
Tender as Lear sad gave
Over Cordelia's grave,
Stand the Remo.

'Round them the shadows fall,
Veiling with sable pall,
While high above them all
Twinkling stars glow,

While o'er the heaving deep,
Curlews belated sweep,
Winging for rest and sleep,
O'er the reefs low;

And as I homeward go,
Burdened with thoughts that flow
Of the dark long ago,
Voices steal low,

Whisp'ring, could they but speak
Secrets thy heart doth seek,
Wrapped in the land and deep
Of long ago!

Never! the winds do sigh,
Never! the night birds cry,
Never! the sea moans by,
Of long ago.

God holds their secret vast,
Hid in the heavens vast,
He knows the misty past
Of long ago.'

Placed by his mighty will,
Placed by his wond'rous skill,
They but his mission fill,
Ages ago.

THE GEORGIEMEN.

WHEN the snows fall thick,
And the sea is dark,
And the winds are quick,
And the shore's gray mark
Is a hideous thing to the human eye :
When the sea-birds wing
With a scream and cry,
When the Red Lights flash
Is the life blood's gleam,
Through spray and through splash
The Georgiemen stream.

Like phantom reapers
Of gatherless fields,
Where fate's stern keepers
Death's fruitage yields,
They dreary sail,
And they weary haul,
When wild winds wail,
Or weird winds call,
And seas grow green
With hate and wrath,
The Georgiemen glean
For the aftermath.

When the moon is bright,
And its silver wake,
In the winter night
Like diamonds break,
Like a Holy Grail
Bestrewn with gems,

Then with silver sail
And with silver helms,
Like spirit crafts
From the land of dreams
That fancy drafts,
The Georgiemen gleams.

When cold rains fall,
And drenched and wet
The sea-gulls call
With pensive fret,
O'er top-masts high
And lab'ring sail,
And madly fly,
And scream and rail,
And headlong dive
With plunging swoops,
Like bows alive
Or living hoops,

The Georgiemen sail,
And in their flight,
Go old men pale
And frail youths slight.
The brawny arm
And the nerveless limb,
The face too calm
For anything;
Go home and love,
And wills to dare;
Go lives above
The thought of care;

Go bone and marrow,
Foundations all,
The blood-red harrow
At Freedom's call,
The color-bearers
Of industry,
The hero wearers
Of liberty ;
Go living scrolls
Of a questioned fame,
Indifference rolls
In a blazing shame.

Go men in form,
Not part, but whole,
With life-blood warm
In heart and soul ;
Go lives who dare
A treacherous deep,
Who oft much spare
Who should much keep ;
Go souls who yearn
For better things
Than cod-lines turn
For offerings.



Mother Ann

MOTHER ANN.

Like some grim sorceress she sits,
Stern visaged on her couch of doom;
Above her, fierce the nightwrack flits,
Below her, yawns the ocean's tomb
Like some grim Fate that Death has sent,
Whose pulseless heart Grief never stirred;
Stern fashioning some weird intent,
To mortal eyes unseen, or heard,
She looks out on the sea and world,
Like sad Prometheus manacled.

Brave sent'nel o'er her faithful watch,
Wrapped list'ner to some longing tryst,
The East Light lifts its blood-red torch,
Illumining night's ebon mist.
The sea-gull folds its tired wing
In sleep upon her sea-drenched breast,
Uttering cries, as if to bring
Repose unto her strange unrest;
While, like sighs from her lifeless soul,
Round her the great waves heave and roll.

Stern mother, with thy face of care,
Immovable to human gaze,
What hope, what sign doth bid thee dare
To watch for aye across the waves?
Dost think to hear some sea-king's cheer
Come ringing proud across the sea?
Or does the Red Light's beacon clear
Again remind some pirate glee?
Or dost thou, from thy rocky bed,
Behold the ghosts of drowned men dead?

Stern mother, as I look on thee,
Birth of the ravages of Time,
Indifferent, both to wind and sea,
Its wrath and ceaseless pleading chime;
If, that thy granite lips could ope!
If, but thy voiceless lips could speak!
No more my struggling thoughts would grope.
But like a flame each thought would leap,
And on the wonders thou wouldest tell,
Weave o'er my soul a fadeless spell.

THE WILD COLUMBINE.

WHERE the smooth white pebbles shine,
Each to me a tablet fine,
On which seas sad murmur'ring sign
Lispings of a love divine,
Bloom the sweet wild columbine ;
Richly hung with ruby bells,
Lovely lined with golden cells,
Ringing o'er the ocean swells
Gossip of the fields and fells,
Of the loveliness of May.
Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle they,
To the foamy rippling spray
Dancing on the sun-kissed bay.
As I wend my joyous way
In the waning light of day
Sleepy birds pipe through the gray
While each bell doth seem to say,
Time is fleeting, tinkle, tinkle,
Love, our beauties now you greet ;
Evening dews, come, sprinkle, sprinkle,
Store our cells with nectar sweet.

Velvet bees, come, tinkle, tinkle,
Fill your combs e'er yet we leave ;
Gentle rains, come, sprinkle, sprinkle
Petaled beauties to retrieve

Humming-birds, come, tinkle, tinkle,
Gemmed with em'ralds rich and rare ;
Swallows, where the pale stars twinkle,
Speed our glories ev'rywhere.

Butterflies, with gold, rich weighted,
Tinkle, tinkle, sweet they sound,
With our scented pollens freighted,
Waft our perfumes, homeward bound

Lovely maiden, with thy dimples,
With thy chestnut locks of gold,
Ev'ry ruby bell now tinkles,
Take what all our hearts do hold.

For you, for you, we have waited,
Tinkle, tinkle, sweet they sound,
To thy heart, with love rich freighted,
Let our beauties upward bound.

Let our mem'ries ever linger,
Tinkle, tinkle, long to you,
Rang each ruby bell, whose ringer
Was an heav'nly father true.

Lovely flowers, soon forgotten,
Fading where the wild waves beat
By the wrecks, decayed and rotten,
What a lesson you do speak !

Waking in my heart, sad dreaming
Of the preciousness of youth,
Flooding it with sun-light streaming
From the glorious realms of Truth.

Waking in my soul a yearning
To renew bright gifts one gave,
Flung away, while passion burning
Stern kept back a hand to save.

Sparkling in my heart o'ersteeming,
Precious jewels long I've hid,
Now, in purer lustre streaming,
As thou sweeter thoughts do bid.

Voiceless commands, from God given,
Thou illumine my heart, and tell
Of the wonderland of heaven
In the magic of your spell.

UNDER THE KELP.

UNDER the kelp and weeds from the seas,
Coated with sands and maggots and fleas,
Soaked and drenched with the oozing of rot,
A vile stench under a red sun hot,
A thing once human to life and love,
Lies under the crowen that peek'n above.

Glossy and black, like imps from hell.

They caw and wrangle and scream and peck,
They crush in madness the mussel shell,

To beak the stump that was once a neck,
While the sea rolls down, and the maggots crawl,
And the sand fleas hop o'er a tangled trawl.

A sandpeep lights on a rubber boot

Half hid in a tattered mass of rags.
Another pecks a gray stocking foot,

A torn and wedged, twixt two rocky jags,
While the tide rolls down, and, gasping, spout
The white sea clams, in the sands about.

Dark hid in the brak'n a theaking its nest,

A cuckoo moans, in the gloom of a sun,
He warp'n's the hair from a dead man's breast,
And croaks to a summer that's hardly begun,
While the sea rolls down, rolls down and stops,
And the red sun fierce like a blood clot drops.

Only a bit of an awful scene,

From the graveyards of the deep,
Hurled when the billowy waves were green
For some waiting soul to keep,
For a rev'l and feast, to caron and rot,
And lengthen and breadthen the waste — forgot.

Turk's Head.



NIGHTFALL AT TURK'S HEAD.

Like twinned barbaric kohinoors,
The lights of Thatcher's gleam;
And o'er the sweet Cape Hedgeian shores,
Their flashing splendors stream;
Charybdian like, the great waves clasp
The Lands End's rugged breast,
Like living things they breathe and gasp,
Then, prostrate, swirl to rest,

Like throngs of phantoms dancing,
To mermen of the deep,
In rhythmic moods entrancing,
As to and fro they sweep,
Far, way out, the foams are waving
White signals to and fro,
Where the Londoner lies raving,
A hideous thing below.

Vying with the beacons passing,
Starlike o'er the em'rald pines,
Ev'ry wave its glory glassing,
Now, the Light of Straitsmouth shines
Like a ruby censer swaying
Twixt infinity and sea,
Lighting spirit fingers playing
Some immortal symphony.

And I, bird-like from the headlands,
Watch the eyes of Hesper close,
As the night uplifts her dusk hands
Peaceful o'er her lids of rose.

And, the twinkling jets of heav'n
Twin themselves within the deep,
And the Pleiads, sisters seven,
Woo the phosphors as they sweep.

Till, like one great, vast, Rialto,
Earth, and sea, and heav'n unite,
While the phantoms of the ages,
Spectral convene to my sight,
Till each jutting reef seems list'ning,
Silent, as my list'ning soul,
Peeping from the phosphors glist'ning,
As sweet bells of Time low toll,

Then to mystic clang and pealing,
Dreamlike music, sweet and low,
Flash's the Orient, revealing
Glories of a long ago,
Proud barbarians, haughty, marching,
Spurred by Allah to fierce strife,
Turkish maidens, dark eyes arching,
In the cimeter and knife.

Tragabigzanda, moaning, sighing,
As the mosque chimes deeper swell,
Meldrick to his archers crying,
'Mid the surging infidel;
Regal, drenched with life-blood flowing
Of the Christian, and the Turk,
And the English Smith's eyes glowing,
As the deadly flint-locks work;

Till life's wine flows like a river
Through the waving rose-fields sweet,
And the jasmine petals quiver,
Dewed with spurting life-blood's heat,

As the cries to Allah fainter
 Ring above the mosque bells' chime,
And Death, like an hideous painter,
 Deeper dusks the soul of Time;

Till the passion of the red East
 Veils itself in its own blush,
And pale Charon waits the grim feast,
 Death has spread with silent hush ;
And the stagg'ring fields of roses,
 Blighted, drink the heart's red wine,
Till a single combat closes,
 What the years have held divine.

Proud, undaunted, lo, I see him,
 'Mid the Christian and the Turk,
While a crepon veil like pale film,
 Ghostly, 'bove two dark eyes work,
Flut'ring from a latticed bower,
 Shaded from the Orient's blaze,
By proud minaret, and tower,
 Of the good old Moslem days.

And the white veil sways and lingers
 As the fragrant zephyrs blow,
Clutched within two jewelled fingers,
 That his eyes too well do know.
And it spurs him on to daring,
 As he lifts his great sword high,
Though its mighty blade is wearing
 Still afresh the life-blood's dye.

Once, the great blade sings and flashes
 Twice, it twins the Orient's glare,
Thrice, 'gainst human flesh it clashes,
 Till the sad East, cries, Beware !

As the headless Moslems stagger
 In the frenzy of their blood,
And the startled pheasants lagger,
 To wing over bloom and bud.

And the white veil at the lattice
 No more flutters to his view,
For unseen, a grief thrown kiss,
 Has the jewelled fingers threw.
Lily, of the red East's fashion !
 Hero, that the years have swelled !
How the night surfs flung love's passion
 As they leaped, and foamed and welled.

TO A LILY.

With chalice sweet perfuming,
My heart and soul entombing,
And all the world illumining,

The regal beauty stands;
Fairest of all the flowers,
Cheering my wintry hours,
Happy, in cot or bowers,
Birth of the Afric lands.

Through Karnak's columns blending
Came Rameses' queen, slow wending,
Her olive lips soft sending

Thy praises long ago?
'Neath lote leaf papyrus waving,
By Engaddi's shrined paving,
The blue Nile kisses laving,
Did once thy beauties show?

Wreathed thou the magic Cydnus?
The river Love has thrilled us
By the lotus-fringed Indus,

Pale beauty, long ago?
Sawst thou the galleys wending,
The royal barge descending,
With Nubian oarsmen sending
One's praises long ago?

When Tum sank red and florid,
The "old man" crooked, and horrid.
Upon the parched plains torrid,
Pale beauty, long ago?

Heardst thou the jackals crying,
By the grim Anubis lying,
Son of Osiris vying
To lay the Typhon low ?

Sawst thou, for knowledge seeking,
The Pastophori, herbs reaping ?
Gazelles in herds, sleek sweeping
To Isis, dark and grim ?
Heardst thou from Memnon lonely,
As from heaven pure and holy,
Sweet music stealing slowly
To some funeral hymn ?

Watched thou the Uraeus creeping,
The warm sun venom steeping,
From its sluggish body sweeping
Through thy fragrant tangles thick ?
With glistening fangs, quick leaping,
Life or Death within its keeping,
Watched its long, lank body heaping
Behind some papyrus rick ?

Up, some mighty Pylon striving,
Heardst thou the captives sighing
'Neath cruel burdens dying,
Pale beauty, long ago ?
'Neath the spears of Ra descending,
Watched his sad life slowly wending,
Saw the lash, with Death contending,
Pale beauty, long ago ?

From war, fierce plunder seeking,
Saw the Schasue in blood reeking,
start the stork, the morass beaking,
By some Semitic stream ?

As he bent o'er thy face holy,
Saw his dark face, scarred and seroly,
With sin writ on it wholly,
 Where thy sweet blooms did dream?

Heardst thou the blithe uprising,
When from Chennu gay came springing,
Fair youths, for Mora, winging,
 To play some happy game?
Or when Horus woke the morning,
Saw at Besa's shrine adorning,
Mighty Pharaohs low fawning
 To some eunuch's loud acclaim?

At night-fall by some river,
Did some roslit ripple quiver,
Some bleating victim, shiver
 When with majestic roar,

Came the desert's mighty scion,
The fierce Numidian lion,
To quaff with jowls of iron
 Some cataract's outpour?

Soothed thou the sad upyearning
When to the Gods, upturning,
The Parachute 'mid spurning,
 Lay prone before thy face?
From the dark Necropolis balming,
Soothed thou, each fear, alarming,
Touched his brow, like hope sweet calming
 In some sequestered place?

Though ages grim have blundered
And Allah's peace is sundered,
And Christian cries have thundered
 And bathed thee with their blood,

Still thou, oh saintly beauty,
Still live to tell all duty,
To faces, pale and sooty,
The wonders of a God.

AN ARBUTUS.

A bit of snow, with a rose's kiss
(If such a thing could be like this),
Or a sunbeam caught on the trembling tip
Of a little fairy's pointing lip ;

Or a pearl, sad set in a virgin's blush,
The chastity of a Lucrece might flush ;
Or a bit of foam a rainbow 's kissed
That spanned some fair Ausonian mist ;

Or a feather lost from the rose's set
In a sweet Zenadia's coral ;
Or a liquid drop of an April shower
Titania kissed within her bower ;

Or a tear of joy, pale foil has drawn
From out fame's chalice, worthy won ;
Or a kiss of love on the cheeks of hope,
To bid a human heart to grope.

AFTER THE STORM.

Hush ! hush ! sighed the waves in their roar,
Hush ! hush ! leave him here on the shore ;
A pillow of sea-weed, with lace of foam,
Let's wreath 'neath his head then let's ocean-ward roam ;
Hush, hush, hush ! ah, so young and so fair,
Like gleams of the sunlight the gold of his hair,
Or like our own ripples, the blue of his eye,
Or a bit of the heav'ns when calmly we lie.
Then mosses, and sea-weeds they twined ere their flight,
And then softly they kissed him, gentle and light.

Peep, peep, cried the curlews, peep, peep,
Look yonder, a boy lies asleep,
He rests on a pillow of sea-weed and kelp,
In the height of the storm, was it he who cried Help,
When winging the reefs we looked toward the light,
And saw on the waves that human face white ?
'T was him, 't was him, mark his gold curly head !
Let's bend the sea grass and make him a bed,
And peck the wet sand from off of his hand,
And from the white finger with gold jewel band.

So young, and so fair, sighed the wind of the night,
As it dried his damp tresses and rippled them light,
A-wafting sweet perfumes afloat on the air,
That sank in Death's damp on his forehead so fair.
Ah ! so young, and so fair, cried nature at morn,
What an angel for heav'n the wild storm has born,
The sea-grasses bent and low kissed his white brow
Where the shadow of Death, for aye rested now ;
While from sea, and from hill, each bird winging by
In the lull of the storm, a sadness would cry.

A JUNE MORNING.

Like little children cunning,
Sped the meadow brooklets running,
With scents of wild blue lilies, and pale anemone;
Like voices sweet entreating,
The rushes murmured greeting,
While the blackbird sang to madness a song of jollity.

All the little violets' faces
Had been washed by meadow graces,
Selected by Titania from out her regal train,
While wee elfs paid strict attendance
To sway the cow-slips' pendants,
Asleep in bosky tangles, in the wildwood's dim domain.

A lark divining gladness,
In a whirl of merry madness,
Had soared the welkin rapturous in song,
Till in a blue cloud's lining
Like a tiny signet shining,
He seemed enthroned 'mid sunbeams, from all wrong.

A cat-bird merry whistles
To yellow birds 'mid thistles,
A waving like pink pompons to a breeze
That fragrant floats, if borne
From the rills of Helicon
On the wings of Poesy's loved rhapsodies.

A wood-duck 'neath a willow
Had made a tiny bellow,
To ruffle snowy petals of lilies, till wee seas

Did mimic surge ashore
Where mallows did outpour
An holy love on fragrant shrines of wild peas galaxies,

When grief uplifts its signal,
Oh, seek the sylvan dingle,
The meadows and the hill brakes, the dusky woodlands
deep,
Roam sweet through Flora's bowers
In the sadness of such hours,
And bird and budding flowers will wake thy soul from
sleep.

A LEGEND OF THE WHIPPING POST, MIDDLE STREET.

The quaint old street was calm and still,

Like bits from rainbows hewn,

The winds, the Autumn leaves at will

Had fair the highways strewn,

The unseen blasts with canny call

Hide through the night-robed air,

While like a watchman over all,

The moon hung, full and fair.

Like spectres 'gainst its silver mist,

The towers weirdly shone,

The veering vanes the night clouds kissed

Divinely, one by one;

Bright lights of mirth 'mid revels vied

Each mystic moon-beam's light,

While, like a dazzling mirage tied,

The sweet stars twinkled bright.

Then slow athrough the mystic gleam,

Adown the quaint, old street,

I silent heard as in a dream,

The tramp of ghostly feet.

The phantom tread of footfalls light

Keep pace to anger's cry,

While through the silence of the night

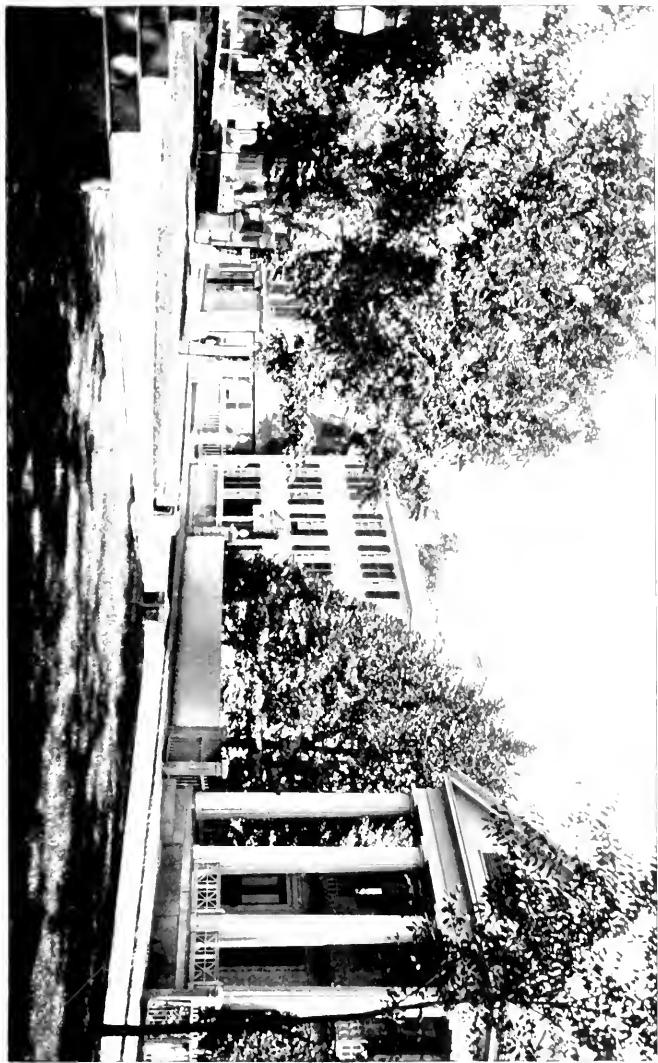
A throng went sweeping by.

Then low I heard a mandate read

To one who owned her wrong,

And saw a maiden bow her head

And shin the phantom throng.



M. S. NEW ORLEANS

Her tangling curls of jetty black,
The winnowing winds had rent,
Hung wavy down a supple back,
As if by Pity sent.

Blue veins within her white arms swell,
And surge the life-blood's hue,
Where cruel thongs cut deep to tell
The banded wrists 'th true.
Red roses born of hate and shame,
Enwreathing each pale cheek,
Compel her quivering lips to frame
Dark words, she dare not speak.

Stern 'gainst the surging phantom host,
Hewn from the forest's heart,
I saw uplift the Whipping Post,
A grawsome thing of art,
With iron ring-bolt centred deep
Within its torchhead's form,
It seemed a Cyclop, woke from sleep,
At thought of life-blood warm.

Then stern I heard from out the throng
A voice that fiercely cried,
The wench amid us owns her wrong!
In shame let her be tied!
Unto the waist, lay bare the back!
And on its snowy drift,
Let fifty lashes never lack
To fall both sure and swift.

Then like a startled fawn at bay,
The trembling Five of wrong
They lead adown the motly way,
Athrough the phantom throng,

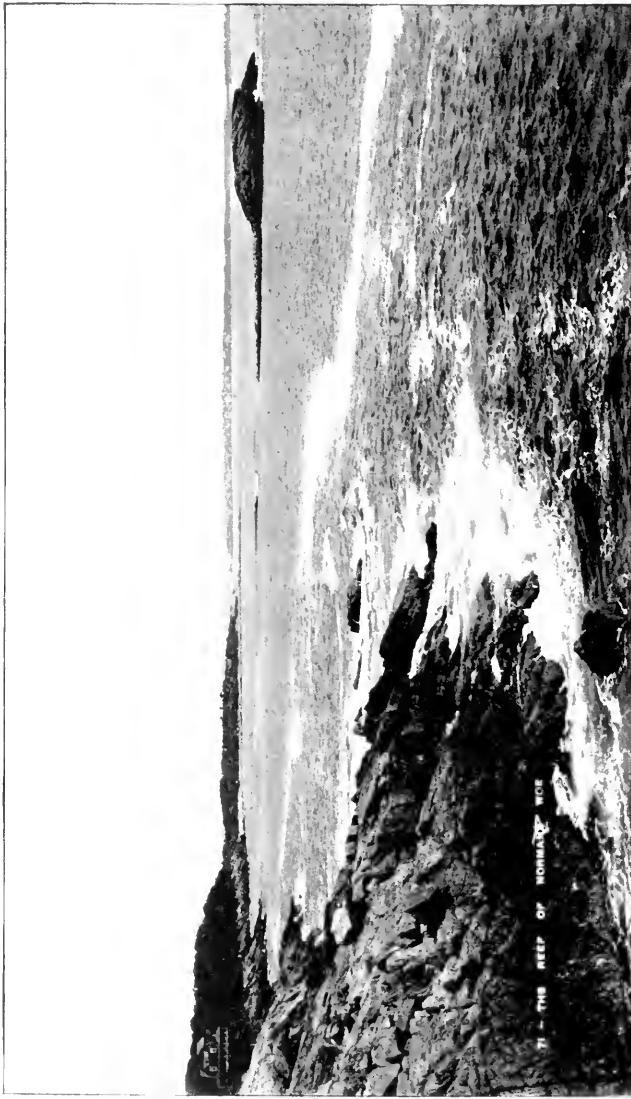
Up from her bosom, white as pearls,
Where rains of grief sad lay,
They rudely brush the tangling curls
Like jetty sylphs at play.

Up to the frowning monster dark,
Awaiting grim its prey,
They lead the human snowdrift stark,
To righten Chastity.
The whipper, with his brawny arm,
The sinewy lashes curl,
While pitiless, he marks each charm
That doomed the blighted girl.

They bind each little playful tress,
The arching neck lay bare,
They rudely loose the homespun dress,
That robes her body fair.
They bracelet quick the fettered wrists
Within the ring-bolt grim,
The whipper bows his ugly fists,
And lifts the lashes trim.

Hiss! hiss! the stinging lashes fall;
They plough the snowdrift deep,
Till fifty furrows, large and small,
In human life-blood sleep.
Blood rubies clot the white bound arms,
Life's garnets belt the waist,
Blood rubies hang their sickening charms
Around the wrists incased.

Then swift I see the arms unbound,
The wounded fawn stern led,
Amid the hunter and the hound,
Each proved a thorough-bred.



Reef of Norman's Wee.

They rudely lift the quiv'ring mass,
They loose each jetty curl,
While stern they chide the fainting lass,
The bruised and bleeding girl.

Up o'er the quivering welts of flesh,
They draw the homespun gown,
The whipper wipes his lashy mesh,
The Cyclop calms its frown.
The moaning form they bear away.
The phantom hordes recede,
And only Silence holds its sway,
Where Justice once had meed,

—

TOWARD NORMAN'S WOE.

FAR in the West, where dark pines wave and bend
Above whose crests the lights of heaven show,
I see, engirt with foam, the Reef of Woe,
And as I pensive gaze, my thoughts they wend
To him, beloved bard, who sweet did send
O'er this broad land, to highways rich and low,
The legend of a night, long, long ago,
When wind and sea for mast'ry did contend;
When watch-bells tolled, 'mid childhood's questionings;
The shattered craft, the frozen father pale,
With Death ice-rob'd upon the sea-spent shore,
Lo! as I gaze, sweet evening fades, and brings
A solemn silence, wrapping hill and vale,—
Night's benediction to the bard of yore.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

WERE thou born of Zephyrus,
Little sprite?
Winning glances,
Witching fancies,
To delight?
Art thou hast'ning to implore
Love to lighten some heart's shore
Wrapped in blight?

Thou 't a merry charmer,
Little thing;
Ev'ry bird and ev'ry flower
Cherishes a trysting hour
Thou wilt bring.
Oh, what mortal would disown
Such sweet charms to call his own
That thou fling?

Thou 't so light and airy,
Little one,
Like some little fairy
Full of fun
Cuddling up to blossoms coy,
Whisp'ring little words of joy
In the sun.

Who designed thy pinions,
Little pet?
Blue and gold, vermilions
Richly set;

Rare in fret works of the rose,
Like sweet bits of even's close
 Cut in jet ;
From the Tundja's perfumed streams
 Hast thou flown ?
Fragrant Karnlk wrapped in dreams.
 Happy known ?
Or sweet brought from Egypt fair,
Some rare fragrance of its air,
 Tropic blown ?

Happy little sprite above,
 Thou express,
How God's soul, when lit with love,
 Can impress ;
How divine his might is seen
In thy flut'rings o'er yon green
 Daisies bless.

THE DORY FLEET.

WHEN winter winds begin to blow,
And cruel falls the snow and sleet,
I watch in fear, so bravely go
Out on the deep, the Dory Fleet.
Each craft so frail, each skipper old
So bent and bowed with age,
One pair of oars for fierce winds bold
To row till anchorage,
One loose hung sail, one creaking mast
To go where sea-gulls go
O'er yawning gulfs 'neath sea-weeds vast,
Where Death leers pale below
To drift where drowned men's bones do lie
All whitened in the kelp,
Wherever winds do seem to sigh
Like comrades sounding help.

I watch them in the early morn,
I watch them late at night,
Ever yet the winter day is born,
Come in or wing their flight;
And ev'ry skipper is so old,
So feeble and infirm,
So easy now to feel the cold
In life's declining term;
Oft when the mists come falling down
And frozen sleet and snow
Will robe each little craft like down
And fierce the whistles blow,

And weird the winds will strangely moan
 And canny sound the horn,
Like ghosts you'll see them drifting lone,
 Like phantoms pale and wan.

There's Davy Grayson, he's three score;
 All through the summer days,
He'll nod and sleep before his door
 And croon his old time lays;
When robins 'mid the blossoms fair
 Do merry pipe their lays,
Old Davy sits within his chair
 And dreams his childhood's days,
But when the yellow leaves they fall,
 And stilled is robin's note,
Old Davy seems to hear a call,
 And from the cove he'll float;
He'll round the bend by old Black Bess,
 He'll feeble peer and look,
And in the shadows you would guess
 Old Davy was a spook;
He'll drop his line down in the deep,
 The gulls will scream, sweep by,
And half the time he's fast asleep
 And does not hear their cry.
The great ships in from sea will hurl,
 And toss him all about,
The black smoke from their stacks will curl
 And fierce the winds will shout.
But Davy ever seems to win
 And breasteth every gale,
And when the Dory Fleet comes in
 First Davy's yellow sail.

Old Orrin White, who 's nearly blind,
I always fear for him,
But, strangely, though, they say he 'll find
 His course, though sight be dim,
His cobbles almost like the sea,
 All green with age and moss ;
His hands turn blue, as blue can be,
 When high the waves they toss.
They say he made a lucky hit
 One summer long ago.
He went down on the sands to sit,
 Where smooth the breakers flow ;
A painter chap he came along,
 And in a jiffy took
Old Orrin for a poet's song,
 To picture up his book ;
'T was something 'bout a mariner,
 So does the story go,
Who did a wedding guest deter,
 And Orrin was for show ;
He painted him beside a wheel
 That steered a Pinkey quaint,
To see his beard 't would made you feel
 Old Orrin was a saint.

And Orrin ever has been proud,
 To think he won emprise
So late in life, when Death's dark shroud
 Almost around him lies.
And though a laggard in the fleet,
 And last to leave the shore,
And take such time to ease his sheet,
 When fierce the winds they roar,
He always seems to be content

When all his mates, they chaff,
And though of all the most o'er bent,
 He always wins the laugh.
He'll lift a golden eagle's shine
 And pipe where's more at rest,
Up in some old blue China fine,
 He brought from far Trieste.

Old Orrin ever loves to tell
 Strange stories to delight ;
He dwells down by the old Fog Bell,
 Quite near the Eastern Light.
And should you see the Dory Fleet
 Come ever sailing in,
Perchance you may old Orrin meet
 Down by the breakers din ;
You'll know him by his feeble stride,
 And by each sunken eye ;
They look as if his soul had cried
 For something far — way — high —
Poor Orrin never could quite reach,
 Poor Orrin ne'er could find :

He always had a different speech
 That seemed not like his kind.
And when the Dory Fleet comes in,
 Or when the fleets they go,
That ever seems to me a sin,
 They are so old, you know.
The cobble that lies far behind,
 So ghostly in the sleet,
Is Orrin White, who's nearly blind,
 Of the quaint Dory Fleet.

And then there 's old Giles Lareom,
As daft as daft can be,
Whose age, it is believed by some,
To be near fourscore three.
He saw the great brig "Persia"
On Brace's Rocks go down,
With many a foreign treasure
And many a silken gown.
He knows the time when all the reefs
And ev'ry ready cove,
That now sad gleams as shattered leaves
From nature's book, that strove
For, oh, so long to give that life,
The soul of man did love,
Till earth drank deep Death's darkest strife
And marred a tryst above,
Was lit with many a snowy wing,
Calm, hov'ring o'er their young,
Where now the gray wrens plaintive sing
At setting of the sun.

'T was he that saw the serpent grim
Come out Rafe's Chasm drear,
While yet the morning light was dim
Above the pine tops near.
'T was he that saw the sea so filled
With codfish sleek and fine,
That he a thousand quickly killed
With neither hook nor line.
'T was he that saw a great, black cloud
Go sailing in the sky,
That rent apart in thunders loud,
When myriad birds did fly.

"T was he that saw the pirate sink,
And saw the shark's white teeth
Bite him in half e'er one could wink,
And drag him underneath.

Old Giles sat in his kitchen door,
'T was only yester eve,
The breakers rolled up to the shore
Their messages to leave;
I came up through the evening's gloom,
And e'er I turned the latch
I smelt the violets sweet in bloom
Out in the pasture patch.
He asked for Davy, Orrin White,
And poor old Silas Gray
Who had been dead for threescore quite
His chums from childhood's day;
He called for Tilda, poor old soul,
Long dead for many a year;
I passed her grave above the knoll
Beneath the willows sere,
And I saw old Giles was failing,
His race was near complete,
To heaven he'll soon be sailing,
And leave the Dory Fleet.

And when way 'bove the shadows,
He joins the throng above,
And a Redeemer round him throws
The mantle of his love,
I know he'll bid the angels guide,
Until their journey ends,
The cobbles frail that Davy rides,
And one that Orrin tends.

And then there's Billy Dobson,
And poor old Jonas Snow,
And jolly fat Mark Robson,
And ugly old Tam Stowe,
And little Sandy Feathering,
Who own their gear complete,
The last to end this song I sing
Of the quaint Dory Fleet.

AT THE HOME OF THE HISTORIAN BABSON.

ACROSS gray sands and billows white with foam,
Flecking dank grasses, rich in amber dress,
Amid pines that waft the varying stress,
Of winds melodious that seaward roam,
I see in beauty clad a writer's home.
And youth comes back, my boyhood's days none less,
Again I spell, propound, and aptly guess,
And meet his pleasant smile that oft did come.
And as I gaze, changed with the years that hold
Time's impress o'er my brow, I silent see
His noble face, his courtly grace and mein ;
Then grief dull wraps this daydream sweet of old,
For happiest joys the earliest flee,
Like mem'ry brings, in this sweet evening scene.

MY NATIVE HILLS.

I love, I do, my grand old hills,
My native hills, so wond'r'ous seen,
When melting snows bring bluebirds' trills,
Or springing blade betokes the green.

I love, I do, my grand old hills,
And sweetest spots I'll show to you;
I'll wend to cowslip bordered tilles,
And bring you viflets white or blue.

Or pick yon nectar laden globes,
'Neath waxen canopies of green,
Resplendent in their scarlet robes,
That wear the blush of Hippocrene.

Or show you where the cattle rest
When mounts the sun at summer's noon,
Or what lone cliff is weirdest dressed
When slowly fades the waning moon.

I'll show you time-bleached logs all white,
Amid the reedy seaweeds brown,
And far-off cliffs, where birds in flight
With tired wings have fluttered down.

I'll lean o'er bars all mossed with age,
Where swings a red gate to and fro,
And speak from childhood's happy page,
And ask a toll e'er yet you go.

By moss-decked walls, in beds of brake,
I'll show you where the crows alight,
And where the wild-rose sweet doth make
An hedge of beauty to delight.

'Neath bending willows, gnarled and old,
I'll bring you dainty lilies pale,
Or bring you lilies robed in gold,
That border bright an hazel vale.

I'll drink with you from a cool spring
The red man drank long, long ago;
It's hid where trembling poplars fling
Across your path a dim shadow.

Or tell you, when at quiet eve,
When tides are out and all is calm,
And night begins to softly weave
O'er earth her soothing robe of balm,

The choirs from vale and hill and lea
Float down o'er tree and bush and mead,
And in the winrows from the sea,
All undisturbed, all joyous feed.

The blackbirds with their scarlet shields,
The thrush with speckle-coated wing,
And soaring from the scented fields
The lark the matin morn doth bring.

All, all these sights are dear to me,
And all I've seen among the hills,
From happy boyhood's hours so free,
And e'en to-day when sorrow fills

This heart of mine so prone to woe,
This longing heart, with sad unrest,
That watch the hills in summer's glow,
And weary watch the hills snow-dressed.

Great emblems of a mighty will,
Fair graces so divinely wrought,
Sweet birds, that all the woodlands fill,—
You lead me all to nobler thought.

Whate'er my ways, if low I sink,
Or upward find my pathway broad,
Or left alone on Fate's grim brink,
Thou'llt ever bring to me a God.

LOTS WIFE.

Like Lot's wife riven in mute despair,
With sight transfixed on the setting sun,
A statue of silence wooed by care,
She spectral stands in the day that's done.

Like Niobe bowed with her weight of grief,
She scans forever the dark seas waste;
The look of a pent-up agony,
Strange, pictured upon her haunted face.

Like a fisher-mother by hope forsook,
Ever sad vigils divine to keep,
Rigid she stands with her awful look,
Facing the graves where her loved ones sleep.

In pathways old where the willows bend,
Murmuring, saying their prayers of yore,
Silent I gaze, and silently wend,
Silently seeing her more and more.

Oh, rough, gray stone where the robins sung,
Oh, rough, gray stone where the cattle passed,
Oh, rough, gray stone where the red gate swung,
With its sundered clasp in thy breast held fast.

How the chis'l of time has strangely hewn
O'er thy rough, gray form a human sign,
For ever to haunt 'neath the midnight moon,
To ever remind in the day's decline.



Lots 5 W. E.

THE DEATH OF THE SKIPPER.

" HAVE traps erboard ter-night at one !
Be clear er wet, be wind er calm,
This loungin' 'round fer me is done,
Not a minute after stroke of one,
The Norther, ter me, can bring no harm."

" Skipper, Job Nelson's wife is sick,
An' Job himself is well nigh done;
Cal Ralfe, Big Bill Connell, an' Dick
Are down ter Ely's, raisin' nick ;
Don't sail ter-night at one."

" Curse Big Connell, Cal Ralfe, an' Dick !
An' curse Job Nelson, too !
An' curse his wife, who 's always sick,
An' his kid, who 's ever raisin' Nick,
Nor say what I shall do !"

" Yer liked m' say w'en Jack was drowned.
M' strength that *one* did send,
Ter let yer live 'bove sea an' ground,
An' keep yer ever safe an' sound,
Ah, skipper ! your best friend.

" An', skipper, where m' nippers chafe,
M' wrists do smart an' bleed.
I don't think, skipper, it is safe,
With only me an' Nate an' Lafe,
Ter dare God's will fer greed."

" Who dares God's will fer greed? say who ?

I've got my craft ter pay,
Nor will I list ter one like you,
Or be dictated by a crew;
At stroke of one, I say.

" I'll down ter Ely's, right an' left

I'll clear his hellish gang ;
I'll find if few will bear th' heft
Ter work an' toil with fingers deft."

Just then the fog bell rang.

Unseen, unseen, cold damp and wet,

The white fogs heard its cry,
Like hideous things they rolled and bolled.
And ghostly lifted fold on fold,
Athwart the night-veiled sky.

" I'll scar Nick Ely's bloated face,

An' by th' collar drag
Big Connell, an' that drunken ease,
Cal Ralfe, who never knew his place,
Or owned an honest rag,

" Ter find their gear, they've yet ter pay :

Ter find their gear erdrift,
In one great snarl since yesterday,
Though ev'ry wave on 'Casha' lay
A sight, my soul would lift.

" Go bid Job Nelson leave his wife !

An' kiss his kid ersedleap !
If lulagagin' makes such strife,
I'm glad I've led er single life,
An' likely so ter keep.

"Yer own traps, get Bet Lynch ter mend,
Yer nippers that are torn,
Er stitch or two she'll swiftly send
Er through the frays within the bend.
An' here's er pair some worn,

"If th' aboard before I come,
An' hanker fer the fight,
Take from them ev'ry bit er rum,
'T is me, not them, that makes things hum
An' hang up aft er light,

"Yer own gear get in shape, an' w'en
Yer hear me loud halloo,
Upon the hawser get yer men,
I'll be with yer by half-past ten
With all my hellish crew."

Just half-past ten they heard him call;
Jim Donald and the rest;
The light up aft did dimly fall,
Athrough the gray fog's clammy pall,
Like death dew on each breast.

"T was Nate that swung the dory 'round,
And Lafe that brought the oars,
And Job that made her swiftly bound,
Athrough the fog like some mad hound,
A-racing on all fours.

He saw an ugly skipper's eye,
Remembered last trip's share.
To lose his place, he rather die,
He heard a sick wife moan and cry,
And saw a cupboard bare.

What wonder then, the fogs he broke,
And made the stout oars creak,
And tried to laugh when Nate did croak
Because the spray did drench and soak
Him, huddled in the peak.

'T was just when Nate did try to lift
His arm around the post,
And Lafe did clear the sea-weeds drift,
And the wind began to shift
Up to the north the most.

The dory shuddered 'gainst the snag,
A dead man in the dark,
That kept her from the pier to lag,
And to the port a bit to sag,
And leave the bloody mark.

'T was just when Nate did draw the slip
To make the painter tight,
That Jim did touch the bloody rip,
That ghastly hung 'twixt each ear's tip,
And saw the grawsome sight.

The rising tide with heave and swell,
As if to hide the deed,
Hoping no living lip would tell,
No human eye would cast its spell,
Had drifted swift the weed.

Across the clotted blue lines mark,
A dead face all did shun,
A-gleaming cold and white and stark,
A-staring though it fain would hark
To hear a clock strike one.

Some say the skipper gave the blart
And twitted Cal Ralfe sore,
And beastly weighted his big heart
And why Cal Ralfe plays such a part
With all his mates on shore.

Some say that Ely bet the drinks
And Connell gave the cut,
And that is why big Connell shrinks,
And rouses up, then startled thinks,
And keeps his big mouth shut.

AN APRIL MORNING.

The snows they are melted,
The north winds are gone,
Puss-willows are felled,
The crocus is born,
Green rushes are peeping
Above ripples blue
Arbutus's steeping,
Pink-cups filled with dew,

The blackbirds are piping,
The blue birds are seen -
The swallows are skipping
O'er carpets of green.
Red robins, gay whistle,
The cat birds shrill cry,
O'er stalks of dead thistle
The yellowbirds fly.

Far out o'er the hedges
In robes, gray and white,
By the seaweedy ledges,
The sea-gulls delight;
Some pensively dreaming,
While zephyrs soft blow,
The sun spangles gleaming
Mid sprays white as snow.

Far up on the hill rocks,
The rooks, black as night,
Are mocking the gray hawks,
Awinging in sight,

Down eying the green brakes,
Where sluggishly glide
The lithe water snakes
To the brook's singing tide,

Asniff goes a muskrat,
Then splash, he is gone.
A frog sings in B flat
To a cricket forlorn;
A butterfly dances
An iris heart blue,
Then gayly entrances
A wild rose in view.

'Neath arms of green larches
Now lowing herds wend,
While a barefoot boy marches
Their wishes to tend,
They lie to the cool pool,
Embrowed by the hill,
And draw from its depths, cool,
Deep draughts to o'erfill.

They brush the Rhodora
In purple array,
And crush the sweet day-stars
Like fairies at play;
They tangle the tresses
Of herd-grasses vain,
Where the hill nereid dresses
Titania's train.

When Hesper assembles
 Her last beauties rare,
And the night-star pale trembles
 'Mid glories more fair,
Oh! beautiful morning,
 Lov'd talisman, shine,
That came fair adorning,
 Persephone's shrine.

THE SEA GULLS.

OVER the ghostly topmast sail,
 Over the topmasts, gray and bare,
Whirled by the winds, unseen, that wail,
 The white gulls fade in the evening air.

O'er mountains gray of clouds they float,
 'Round turrets, lofty, yet unreal,
By ghoulish forms, that sway and gloat
 Undaunted, do they silent steal.

This lonely eve, I watch them float
 Far away, to some spirit world;
Each winging, like some fairy boat;
 Tacking, wind-tossed, storm-beaten, and hurled,

Close 'gainst a star, each milk-white breast;
 Close 'gainst a moon, whose silver sphere
In silence lights a world, shroud dressed,
 A world of imagery, strange and drear.

b. River Río Grande



TO THE ANNISQUAM RIVER.

Beautiful river, 'twixt sea and sea,
Gift with thy magical imagery,
Indian legended, wild bird haunted,
By happy pleasure wrapt and vaunted.
Grasp, grasp, the girdle that waits for thee,
Wove by the blithe wind's witchery;
Wind it about thy willowy form,
Over thy blue heart, deep and warm;
Then, lovely river, go greet the sea,
Waiting to love thine entirety.

Beautiful river, long, long ago,
Who loved thy sweet beauty, listed thy flow?
Ever where wild birds have sought thine embrace,
Ever where Nature has mirrored its grace,
Ever where sunsets have sent their last gleam,
Ever where night stars have sunk sweet to dream,
Ever where pleasure, ever where joy
Has caroled and gambolled, since I was a boy;
Speak, lovely river, speeding thy flow,
Blue Wonasquam of the long ago.

Sang the blue river, the sea grasses splashing
Like a chalice of joy upsparkling and flashing,
My blue heart from slumber, once wakened from sleep
To the stern cry of men, and the oars' measured sweep;
The clank of the chain, and the flash of the lance,
And o'er me dark hovered the banners of France.

I saw from the forests the savages hieing,
The birds, high above me, were fluttering and crying,
And shrilly commingling above their refrain,
Vive l' Empereur ! Vive le Champlain !

"T was like the birth of sorrow from sleep,
The waking of griefs from agonies deep,
The rending of something no mortal shall know,
A mirage of loveliness fading to woe.
I saw the weird flames of the watch-fires dance,
Uplift like vipers, and mirror their glance ;
My white foams seemed hanging with pendants of red
Garnets, the life throbs a human heart shed :
And like a vision, fading from view,
The children of nature that loved me so true.

I sang to my ripples sweetest of songs,
Telling the night-wind in silence my wrongs ;
But ne'er hovered peace, for Right to atone,
My children watched sterner, like statues of stone.
Like a fury at morn, like a fury at night,
Quihonamene sped his canoes to the fight,
Disturbing my slumbers, that Peace did oft seek,
From my reefs by the sea to fair Wingaersheek ;
Disturbing a slumber no more shall I know
That hovered about me, long, long ago.

Beautiful river, methinks I can see
The visions divine that thou picture to me ;
The fair form of nature is slumbering in peace,
The forests are waving their children at ease,
The sea-fowl are winging thy blue waves so free
The hawks o'er the sea-grasses scurry in glee.

The black crows are cawing from hemlock and pine
The crackling of twigs as the camp-fires shine,
The wake of the dark chief, wimpling the foam,
His heron plumes waving, as his birch canoes room.

Beautiful river, I see darkly fall
A veil of oblivion; I hear dimly call
A voice from thy blue heart tenderly say,
Dwell not; forget what for aye passed away.
Then slowly I see from thy blue depths arise
A taper divine that illuminates the skies,
A flash of a flame o'er thy blue silence drifts,
While slowly the fair form of Progress uplifts,
And points with its finger o'er hill, vale, and slope,
For civilization to struggle and grope.

I see up to heaven a banner uplift;
Over its fair folds, beautiful, drift
The pale form of Liberty with Love divine,
Above the white cross, that on it doth shine,
I see stalwart men, I see women brave,
I see silent gleam the first new-made grave,
I see stern resolve, dark baffling despair,
I see hope resplendent gleam everywhere,
I see toil and trouble, warfare, and peace,
And death stalking broad o'er land and o'er seas.

Beautiful river, as round thee I gaze,
Slowly night's purpling mantles upraise,
Studded with gems, the dark forests they wrap,
And throw the sweet silence of love in thy lap.
I hear the sweet bells from the tower's low chime,
I hear the stern surge of that motor of time,

Sternly recording on shore-waste and reef
The will of a God; in sentences brief
I hear Pleasure call, and sweet voices bright
Ring o'er thy blue heart its merry good-night.

Farewell, holy past, with thy dark seal of care,
Farewell, silver stars, in thy jet vaulted air,
Farewell, mighty sea, with thy whisperings deep,
Dark forests, farewell, with joy woke from sleep
Farewell, lovely vales, fair city lights shine
Gleaming from adamant couches divine,
Farewell, lovely river, farewell, sylvan day,
May no billow of Lethe ever bear thee away;
In memory's sweet pictures lovingly dwell
A talisman beautiful, ever thy spell.

THE HERRING TORCHERS.

Like phantoms, they row across the bar
 Beyond the Lights, like ghosts asleep;
Each flaming torch, a ruby star,
 Illumining the ebon deep.

Each measured stroke, each oar's low dip,
 Like eerie whisp'lings sounding clear,
So light they toss, and sway, and tip,
 And thrid the lone wastes, dark and drear.

O'er ev'ry bow, like death awake,
 You'll see some pale face, wan and old,
Bend low, as silver ripples break,
 And toss some funny gem of gold.

Anon some quav'ring voice will call,
 And canny answers faint come back
From gray-beards pulling in the trawl,
 Or dropping nets from fishing smack.

As ev'ry ruby flame doth gleam
 And flash athwart the night-veiled sea,
You almost think, yon almost dream,
 It is some mermen's revelry,

Or bivouac fires of the weird
 Unhappy spirits of the seas,
Above the white bones of the dead,
 Low wailing dull, sad litanies.

TO THE WILLOWS OF RIVERDALE.

Ye sylvan votarists of God,
Demeter's graceful children fair,
Embow'ring o'er earth's tired sod
A peace that ev'ry heart may share,

Ye lovely plaisance of the Spring,
Where unseen with her charmed tread,
Persephone doth holy bring
First beauties to awake the dead,

Ye witching graces, lovely robed
To vie the river's glances blue,
Sequestered bow'r where hearts are probed
To give to one his dues most true,

Ye sylvan welcomers, that fling
Obeisance to the early year,
E'er yet the sun-god's aural ring
Has fully give the earth its cheer,

How beautiful you greet my eye,
Like holy nuns, in silent prayer,
As 'round the old-road's bend I hic
And greet thee, lovely, standing there.

When moon-beams beckon, sprites and elves,
And merry Oberon unseen,
With fairies gay bedeck themselves
For magic revels 'mid thy green,



Treccia di Pergola

And nymphs sweet call, from vale and glen,
To zephyrs sleepy love-notes low,
And ev'ry leaf has elfin men
Astride it, swaying to and fro,

In rapture down thy colonnade,
Like sylvan sentinels to night,
In pensive thought I've slowly strayed
And seen such visions to delight,

Grim Caliban with grawsome form
Would be the gaunt limb swaying near,
Or Hecate from hell-broths warm
Would be the black-bat's shrill cry clear,

Mercutio, with taunting cry,
Would answer gay Benvolio's plea,
While swift young Romeo would hie
And leap the orchard wall in glee,

I'd hear the lattice casements ope,
Fair Juliet's rare vision gleam,
I'd hear the lovers trust and hope,
And mark how sad can be love's dream,

Or hear the rogue Autolycus sing,
The rustic swains in merry dance,
And see Perdita happy fling
To proud Camillo her sweet glance,

Or loving gleam sweet Arden fair,
With Rosalind divine,
In all her witching debonair,
To steal this heart of mine.

Or like a bird, o'er bough and leaf,
The voice of Amiens ring,
Until some sweet day, all too brief,
Its tired glance would fling,

Ah, lovely bow'r, where rich and poor
Do greet thee through each changeful year,
Above whose crowns the blue clouds soar,
And nights fair jewels twinkle clear.

Fair willows, 'neath whose arching screen,
Each happy summer brings content,
Until brown Pan is merry seen
On ev'ry russet bough, low bent.

Fair graces, that to each is giv'n
An holy tryst for one to keep,
In thy fond presence Truth is riv'n,
And Love awakes my soul from sleep.



Rafe's Chasm.

80 - RAFE'S CHASM

A WINTER'S DAY AT RAFF'S CHASM.

Like droves of bellowing leviathans the green waves rolled;
Like a wrangling of age the white foams hissed,
Over halls of snow Carrara gold on gold,

Beautiful the winter's sun sloped pendants kissed,
You'd surely dreamed the gods had come again,
Or sad Atlantis, tired of its sleep,
From stern subjections surged the maddened main,
And for supremacy writhed the frenzied deep.

Or Circe fierce, with troops of witches grim
From hellish revels in the nether world,
Dark Pluto's regions, stern and dim,
Sued by the Fates in hideous terrors whirled;
Or wan despairs, 'mid the spray-drenched reefs,
In restless agitations to and fro,
Moaning and sighing 'mid the spray-drenched reefs,
Wailed unto Death their myriad tales of woe.

Roll of the thunders, surge of battles, cavalry charging,
Rattle of infantry, buzzas, moans of the dying;
Grander, fiercer the storm, the wastes of seas enlarging;
Now like a million maddened locomotives flying;
Now like the roll of a million mighty organs playing,
Like fierce majestic preludes, unto masses grim of death,
Swelled the voice of the storm, and wrapt in wonder, delaying,
In awe beheld it cry the majesty of Him who gave me
breath.

THE RIVALS.

THREE days, three nights, through the mists they rowed;

 And the sun, unseen, rose up, sank down.

One thought of a pledge; and life-blood glowed,

 One thought of his death: to starve or drown.

And he, who love's pledge did sacred keep

 In sorrow's anguish, cried, "God may I,"

As welling tears in his brave eyes leap,

 "Have strength and courage to bravely die!"

The fourth sun rose, and unseen it set;

 And he who feared death looked strange and pale;

No cooling draught had his parched lips met,

 As he rowed and watched for passing sail.

He looked at his mate, that sent the cry,

 Like a beast; he watched the blood flow red,

And tinge his cheek, and bright flame his eye,

 And leering unto his mate, he said:—

"What Devil, when death has marked us both,

 Can keep the blood in thy cheeks so bright?

The woman *your* love, pledged *me* an oath,

 E'er we sailed as mates that curs'd night.

E'er we rowed together out to the trawls,

 I gave the skipper a knowing wink."

Thicker the white mist around them falls;

 Down, deeper down, in the swells they sink.

"I gave the skipper a knowing wink.

 He knew us two loved the self-same girl;

Though little the better of me, I think,

 For she gave to me this golden curl.

Little the better of me, I think,
For she gave this trink't to play my part,
If ever down in the deep I sink,
To let *me* know how she held *your heart*.

"Little the better of me, messmate ;
For she told me, *never*, she would be yours."
The bright checks fade, while a fiend of hate
Has lifted one of the dripping oars.
"Well, in my plight, that you tell this truth ;
Well, in my plight, that revenge is mine,
For never one of our arms, forsooth,
Shall ever her treach'rous form entwine.

"You never would hold that curl of gold ;
You never would hold that trinket fine;
You never in spite of death, so cold,
Could ever have blanched my hopes, divine.
If all you tell wa'n't a secret deep,
Your treacherous lives have kept from me,
May tortures of hell her conscience reap,
Wherever on earth, her spirit be."
A crash! and the oar, uplifted, falls ;
Two mad men clutch, and two dead men reel,
Unseen, through the mists, an osprey calls,
As an hav'n she makes of the upturned keel.

AT PATCH WILLOWS.

DECEMBER, 1887.

Ye grand old willows, waving lone,
What true companionship thou 't known ;
What friendships fond, endearing bird
And man to lisp Truth's sacred word ;
What fragrance from these meadows bare,
Have stole from unmown grasses where
The violet and morning dew
Have flooded gorgeous urns of blue,
And bade ye waft upon the air
Sweet odors that they scented there ;
What merry songs ere blithesome Spring
Had ceased her virgin wandering,
And happy birds had settled down
In deftly woven homes of brown,
Deep hid amid thy leafy wold,
Has echoed through thy branches old.
What wand'ring winds, what breezes sweet
Have bade thee cool the wand'rer's feet,
Fond resting by yon meadow wall
Where Nereids bid the streamlets fall ;
Or hearts that held the strongest vow
That ever heaven didst allow
Man's plighted word, to shield from harm
The fragile form within his arm ;
Perhaps beneath thy spreading shade
Their plighted vows were sacred made ;
Or now an unknown sundered twain
Come back to find lost joys again.



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Ye willows old, you restless sea
Can only speak my thoughts for thee,
These walls decayed, these barren fields
Are but the proofs of what Time yields,
This desolation all around,
Voiceless of nature's sweetest sound,
This loneliness where all I hear,
But griefs of winter, wailing drear,
Is but the summer's changed refrain,
Coming in beauty soon again,
Telling her longings on the wind,
And bidding ye in secret bind
The sweet surprises in her store,
Rare gifts from Flora's scented door,
To wake fair Dreamland fast asleep,
And joy, her murmur'ring lutes to leap.
I love ye, willows, gnarled and old,
For oh, what dreams, what fancies hold
Me bound to thee! What happy days,
When peering through thy leafy haze,
The ocean would appear to me
The mirror of eternity!
At ros'ate morn or mellow noons,
'Neath tender lights of early moons,
At quiet eve or starlit calms,
Till all would sleep within his arms;
The sea and sky to gleam as one,
As God the Father, Christ the Son.
A tired gipsy have I strayed,
So loth to leave thy cooling shade,
With satyrs' kisses on my lip,
From berry-picking o'er the Slip.
And holding, in my sunburnt hands,
Pale offsprings of far Afric's lands,

I ruthless woke from dreamy sleep
White lilies, where the troelis sweep;
Or with some chosen school-boy friend,
Adown thy bending arch I'd wend
Along the roadway to the gate,
Across the sands in joy elate;
Peep in the barns, where flutt'ring sounds
Betrayed the fledgling swallow's bounds;
Pass by the graceful gileads tall,
Where orioles in splendor call;
On through the stretching fields of green,
Crown-capped, with many a splendid scene,
Where lights and shadows sweetly made
A picture that a king might prayed
To rich adorn his palace hall,
But far beyond his royal call;
And yet, perhaps, what seen by me,
To him would be but ribaldry;
For every heart is not akin,
And what I love to some is sin.
To let the weightier burdens go,
And dream amid the golden glow,
The fields, and hills, to so enhance,
That beauties came at ev'ry glance,
To wrap me in a dreamland world,
Where care's grim sails joy tightly furled;
For ne'er a summer ever came,
But what my soul did sound her name,
And with her joyous train I'd go,
To find his truths she'd wish to show.
Ye willows old, that regal stand,
Proud remnants of a stalwart band,
Athwart green fields, I often went
Where golden shields a welcome sent;

Athwart wild roses' coral hips,
The yellow ox-eyed daisies' tips,
That gleamed resplendent in the sun
As if a conqueror's wars were done,
And, tired of the battle field,
Each warrior'd hung his blazoned shield;
The trembling poplars, silver-leaved,
The hazels that so cooling wreathed
The crystal streams, that flooded o'er
And drenched the robes the mosses wore,
What pictures grand I've painted there!
No tinge of sorrow, no despair
Would mar the glories I would paint,
That freely came without restraint.
With stately form, and tawny neck,
In birch canoe, Quonhamenee
From the blue Wonasquam I'd see,
And his warriors, wild and free,
And, as they reached thy rocky strand,
Would wander, where yon remnant band
Of hardy oak, and sodden beech,
Their knotty, sinewy arms, outreach
To relish change, and from the chase
To quench their thirst with birchen vase.
From out the rippling crystal stream
That now to-day with lucid gleam
Still ripples o'er the mossy plush,
The haunt of blackbird and of thrush;
And as I'd wander where the land
Doth meet the ocean's broad expand,
Astretching far as eye can see,
What pent-up thoughts would wake in me.
The rising sun, the falling tide
Would alway woo some lovely bride,

Some dreamy sea-gull robed in white,
Some shattered spray of coral dight;
Sea-mosses, with the roses' hue
On slabs of onyx, fair to view,
The gifts of sea-nymphs' busy loom,
From out the ocean's hidden tomb,
And, wrapped in kelpen caskets gold,
Have oft some ocean message told.
Ye willows old, to-day by thee
My soul awakes fond memory;
I hear my boyhood's sweet refrain,
Past scenes, past pictures come again.
Around I gaze with fond delight,
Athrough thy barren branches blight
On changed scenes, yet still left there
A beauty, ah! most wondrous fair;
And as thy swaying branches bend,
And softest farewells dreamy send,
May I in life's declining glow,
If spared till then through life to go,
May I review with pleasure still
Each golden dream my heart did fill,
Each golden dream my heart did know
To sweet console life's after-glow.

THE BELL, THE WHISTLE, AND THE BUOY.

White fogs are drifting o'er the land,
The sea's convulsed with woe and gloom,
And where the twin lights, veiled, do stand,
I weirdly hear the whistle's boom.
It seems to say, I—can't—hear—you!
Then faint I hear, Who! who! who! who!
You—you, he's here, he's here, toll—toll;
Where great waves heave, the fogbells roll.

Whistle:

A dead gull's bleeding at my base!
Her wing is broke! her bill is bent!
She swept athwart my iron face,
Then through the gloom I hear low sent.

Buoy:

A petrel's clutching to my form,
Her little heart beats brave and warm,—
Who! who! be firm, like her, be true,
Who! who! and strive to do! to do!

Whistle:

A craft has swept by me, all white!
With crew benumbed and pale and cold!
I saw the blood-red lantern's light!
I saw the green on riggings old.

Bell:

Then both brave chime, a pale, white crew,
Then there's enough for all to do!
One sends his cheer, Who! who! who! who!
The others seem to say, Be true!

WHISTLE!

Two fishers sleep beneath the kelp!
 In eyes of one a frozen tear!
 I sent my voice to give them help,
 But death has claimed them, soundeth drear!
 But I was firm! and brave! and true!
 The pledge I vowed I tried to do!
 The fog bell tolls, I'll vouch for you —
 We all are firm — we all are true.

BELL:

The keeper old is tired out;
 Athrough the gloom he oft doth peer
 To stay the cold fog's ghostly route,
 Three days, three nights, he 's sent my cheer,
 But if we save *one soul*, why true,
 What oft a mortal cannot do;
 I am content to strive, are n't you?
 Then brave all chimes, Whoo! whoo! whoo! whoo!

THE SLIP.

A pathway beautiful, that's all ;
A wild white reef, a crumbling wall,
Where withered age, gray bars let fall,
And thousand song-birds welcome call.

'T is but a path, yet there I ween
Thou 'lt view the sweetest pictures seen,
Thy very soul with joy wilt teem,
Thine every thought a sylvan dream.

Soft crooning where the rushes bend,
A whispered welcome zephyrs send,
And where the fringing mazes wend,
Bewild'ring aisles of colors blend.

There willow branches interlace
And wreath a mere's sweet placid face ;
And as thou gaze, thine eye may trace
Each sweeping ripple's gentle grace.

Like wee strange argosies of old,
Float lily barges of glitt'ring gold,
Safe manned by valiant elf-men bold,
When silver stars night vigils hold.

Like some grand monumental pyre,
Enrobed in proud and regal tire,
Fit for a god's ambrosial fire,
Or Druid's chant, or siren's lyre,

The mighty Brace Rock stands supreme,
Encircled by the ocean's gleam,
Where seems the dome of heav'n to lean,
Veiled in a mist of ros'ate sheen.

Lie in the glist'ning sands, sea-worn,
Gems that the seething swells have borne ;
Beautiful mosses, ruthless torn
From sunken reefs, by winds uphorn.

No hand of man has yet defiled
The stretching halls, so grandly tiled ;
The sun-kissed artist days have wiled
To but portray, and nature 's smiled.

Here sea, and earth, and heaven blend,
And all their charms in rapture lend ;
Here morn, her first sweet kisses send,
And Hesper lingers, loath to wend.

A trysting-place, it seems to me,
Where song-birds, and the birds of sea,
The waves, the hills, and nature free,
For ages, held fond secrecy.

Wingerdewijk Bosch



EVENING AT WINGAERSHEEK BEACH.

O'er lone Atlantis mystic sleep,
I watch fair Hesper sending,
Fond missives of her love to keep
To Dian sweetly wending ;
I watch the white foam roses wreath
Her kirtle's silver splendor
And hear the mighty ocean breathe
Its soul to its defender.

The vigils of the heav'nly halls
Their twinkling tapers light,
Earth's pensive soul to silence calls
And bids her fond good-night.
The chalices of lilies close
The saintly form of rest
And o'er the fragrance of the rose
God's minstrels voice him blest,

Back to their signal towers
The dusky crowen wing
To wait the rosate hours
That Hellios shall bring
Like bits of night, strange pinioned
By stern decrees of Fate
From purity beminioned,
They brood the hour late.

Out in the white foam roses
A sleepy sea-gull drifts,
A moment dreamy dozes,
Then pensively it lifts

Its graceful head a moment
To the twin moon sailing low
'Neath the roseate phosphors blent
In the sweet day's after-glow.

Adown thy plaisance beautiful
Oh shimmering sands I wend
To sacred impulse dutiful,
My soul thy praises send ;
The holy kiss a Past once gave
Lies saintly o'er thy brow,
Though idle now the clanking glave
And cold the dusky brow.

For regal lift, thy altars yet
Aurora ne'er has shunned
Or yet the eye of God e'er set
But kissed thee sweet and fond.
Time's primal vows thy sylvan vales
Seem holier to keep
As though the burthen of its tales
Slept in their woodlands deep.

Oh, sacred sands that dusky feet
In joy once happy pressed !
Oh, silver sands where sea-birds fleet
Did love to brood and nest !
Oh, lovely border land of waves
Where dusky cheeks did glow
To passioned whispers of the braves
Of a long, long ago.

How beautiful the tryst you keep
Of one sweet sacred hour
When out of Chaos' sullen sleep,
Love gave to thee its pow'r.

How beautiful the tryst you keep
 Of one sweet sacred hour
When out of Chaos' silent sleep
 Fair beauty gave her dow'r.

How beautiful thou interchange
 The soul of one divine
Where'er I go, where'er I range,
 Unto the soul of mine
To bid in joy my heart to seek
 Fair glories o'er thee cast
As thou pensive dream, fair Wingaersheek,
 Of thy unforgott'n Past.

THE BURIAL AT SEA.

LIKE the surge of a mighty forest
 No man has ever trod,
The rattlings ring, the shrouds grim sing,
 The wind-beat pennons nod.
The night clouds 'bove each topmast height
 Like dark-stoled demons speed ;
The waves uplift, like faces white,
 Concealing some dark deed.

With emerald signals blazing,
 And garnet signals red,
Like droves of grim beasts grazing
 Upon the ocean's bed,
The fisher-fleets lay huddled,
 With cables making moan,
O'er gear and ropes all muddled,
 The sad crews work alone.

By a cuddy's fire blazing,
 A group of fishers stand
And watch stern Death slow glazing
 Eyes turned toward heaven's strand.
They hear the winds go wailing
 Athrough the starless waste,
And watch the black clouds sailing
 Like life-boats in their haste.

At anchor, comrades are we ?
 How wild the winds do blow !
Just hear the angels calling ; see !
 How fair their white wings show !

I'm tired, tired sailing,
I long to go to sleep;
And two eyelids, by death paling,
Fall fringed with lashes deep.

By a cuddy's fire blazing,
A group of fishers stand,
Like gentle women, raising
A form with nerveless hand.
O'er a rough bunk lowly bending
They bow each care-worn face,
While a comrade low is sending
To heaven this strange grace.

"O, father, in this awful night,
Alone upon the deep,
Surrender we all earthly right
To Jim there fast asleep.
We'd rather had him die at home,
With loved ones sweet to cheer,
And buried where the song-birds roam,
Than in the deep so drear.

"O, father, Jim could never bluff
Like us the trawl and oar,
His place should been far from the rough,
Right him on heaven's shore.
Was pretty good at tender words,
As gentle as a lamb,
His voice was like the song of birds,
He loathed all outward sham.

"Now, father, give us strength to drop
Poor Jim down in the deep,
And, father, when his heart did stop
You're sure his soul you keep.

You loved the fishers long ago,
 You calmed a stormy deep,
Then give to us a little show,
 And right Jim fast asleep.

“ And, father, every bit that Jim
 Did earn in this dark trip
We'll give to her as if from him,
 His wife, a wee girl slip.
We'll tell her how he happy died
 And heard sweet angels sing,
And how he faced with such brave pride
 The unseen death can bring.”

Like the surge of a mighty forest
 No man has ever trod,
The rattlings ring, the shrouds grim sing,
 The wind-beat pennons nod.
The night clouds 'bove each topmast height,
 Like dark-stoled demons speed;
The waves uplift, like faces white,
 Concealing some dark deed.

'Neath emerald signals blazing,
 And garnet signals bright,
Sad fishermen are raising
 A canvas coffin white.
Up through the sea-drenched gangway,
 Across the sea-drenched deck
To where the wild waves swirl and play,
 And seem the dead to beck.

Beside the trembling rattlings,
 'Mid trawl and tangled gear,
Tossed by the wind that wails and sings,
 They lift their messmate dear.



Bass Rock

Over the foam-tossed railing
They lift the canvas light,
With a fisher's face out-paling,
The foam-decked billows white.

Down in the green gulf's yawning
Like hideous cradles deep,
With the birth of an heavenly morning
Sweet pictured in his sleep,
Down through the white foams wreathing
Crowns on his tired head,
'Mid seething phosphors breathing,
They give to God the dead.

AT BASS ROCKS.

UPLIFT, ye dauntless sentinels,
Ye conquerors of ehd,
That prone from out the restless deep
Each white wrath wave hath felled.
Uplift, ye time-scarred bastions,
Above the watch they keep,
Above whose brows unnumbered suns
Have ris'n and sunk to sleep.

Uplift, ye speechless glories
Of a forgotten past,
With Time's immortal stories
Engraven on thee vast.

Uplift, that clear my searching soul
May read above thy brow
The power of One's glory whole
In awe, behoden now.

Like hoary age, in winter weird,
With foam, froze locks of white,
I've watched thee shield the wild sea-bird,
Benumbed in storm-spent flight.
Like matrons sweet, in summer's time,
Up from the sparkling blue,
I've heard the wavelets gentle chime
One's praises sweet to you.

At night, when heaven's vault divine
Is studded with the stars,
And I have watched the moon-beams line
The deep, with silver bars,
I've watched thee, standing, stern and bold,
In silence 'mid the gloom,
Like mighty Titans of old,
Awaiting some grim doom.

When sad the charms of summer's spell
Lay dead on blade and leaf,
And cold the rains of autumn fell,
Like Niobes bowed in grief,
I've watched the white mists silent lift
And ope their phantom arms,
And o'er the moaning billows drift,
And shield thee from alarms.

I've gazed in rapturous wonder,
When morn, with sweet delight,
Hath bright wreathed thy brows with splendor,
In day's sweet fading light.

Oft when day, in glories dying,
 Refulgent, lit the West,
I have seen sweet Hesper tying
 Rich corslets on thy breast.

Like kings amid the wrath of storms,
 I've watched, in awe sublime,
Thee, fearless, bare thy giant forms
 Against the scourge of Time;
And heard the winds in terror flee,
 The swells' fierce passions calm,
As noble 'bove the seething sea,
 You taught me life's great psalm.

Oh, mighty cliffs, if Time could speak
 The warfare of the years,
How human hearts, that vainly seek,
 Would list with eyes of tears;
How sluggish channels of the blood,
 That dormant flowed in gloom,
Would start to life Hope's joyous flood,
 And wake the heart's dulled tomb.

Then lift, ye wonders of a God,
 That man on thee may read
That though the flesh enrich the sod,
 The deathless soul shall speed
To One who raised to mortal sight
 Such glories wond'rous wrought,
Who gave to chaos deathless light,
 And Life upraised from nought.

THE FISHERMEN.

THE great waves rocked them to and fro,
The mad winds tossed their locks of snow,
And wailing in their ears, cried, Woe!

Woe! woe! ahead, pale fishermen.

Woe! woe! woe! woe! whither thou row!
The night grows dark, cold falls the snow;
The reefs are bare, no farther go!

Turn back, ye pale white fishermen.

Woe! woe! woe! woe! creak. Creak, creak,
creak,

The oars reply, to winds that speak.
They bid us on, their cobbles leak.

Stay! stay! these mad pale fishermen.

No stars came out; the fierce winds blew
Like ghosts of birds; the salt sprays flew
And phosphors hissed, as their bows went through;
Still fearless rowed the fishermen.

They found one face in sea-weeds white,
Two faces dead 'neath the beacon light,
One form froz'n stiff 'neath the Brace Cliffs height;
And four crones mourned the fishermen.

Above the sea they made their bed;
A stake they placed at foot and head,
And on the stake these words I read,
An old crone traced with gulls' blood red:
"Here sleepeth four pale fishermen."

MY HEROES.

THE night signals dagger the ocean dark,
With quivering thrusts at the swells that flow;
They wound the white foams with a telling mark,
And blood the lone night-birds that trembling go.

The wind to its storm-sprites whistles and whines,
They scream to their goblins, promise of fun,
A frightened moon hides a lone star that shines,
While o'er them stream storm-cloud groups one by one.

Like Death commanding bright souls to the grave,
Filing in, filing in, to dirges of the wind,
Half pitying a moment, sad boons they crave;
The dark anchors strain, the wet hawsers they bind.

Wild, in the whirl of the night-tortured air,
Like thrusting of swords in wounds that are burning,
Or wild beasts of prey fierce seeking their lair,
You hear the bagged topsails twisting and churning.

With tippets of foam, the bowsprits are muffled,
Like brides of betroth'l, the creaking sails lean,
Like beautiful veils, all spangled and ruffled,
The cold sprays trail o'er the rails damp and green.

But one man at that wheel! God, what pluck!
Was e'er a battle with hero like this?
One's giv'n God's light till the heart is o'erstruck
E'er Death on one's forehead lays cold its last kiss

In war. But when one pair of cold hands,
Two eyes, and a body that's not over strong,
Backed up, may-hap, with a frail little band,
But a speck, to a war crowd's wild throng,

On a sea, in a night that is crazed
With the torture and passion of storms,
On an old fishing craft that is dazed,—
They're my heroes, and my soul for them warms.

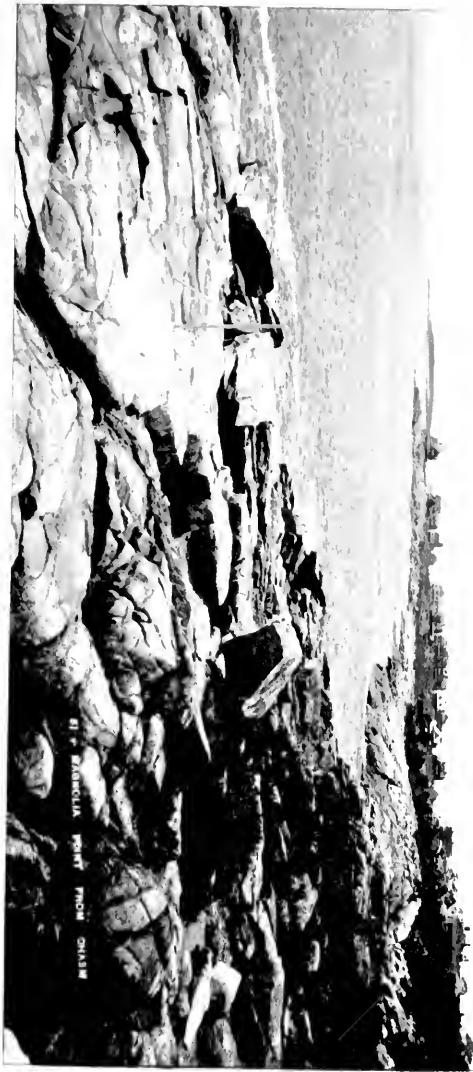
THE IRON CROSS AT MAGNOLIA.

In the calm eve, still I listen,
Hear the sweet birds softly call,
Watch the full moon, silver, glisten
'bove the dark pines, grim and tall.

Watch its fretted net of wonder,
Like an heav'nly rad'ance bright,
Far beyond my thoughts to ponder,
Veil the beauties of the night.

O'er the ocean streams its glory,
O'er the white bones of the dead,
O'er an iron cross, whose story
All the human passions wed.

The Iron Cross at Magno 3



Youth and joy and merry gladness
Blendeth in its lonely gloom,
Grief and death and sorrow's sadness,
Like the hollow ocean's tomb.

'Neath the dark pines, like some spectre,
Weird and lone, it looks to me,
While the pale moon, soft and tender,
Points it downward in the sea.

And I see a white face swaying
In the sea swells, to and fro,
Watch blue lips to God sad praying
That her hold may firmer grow.

See a white arm clutched in terror,
To the sea-weed tresses gold,
See misfortune's fatal error,
See a white corpse pale and cold.

Up, up o'er the gray cliffs olden,
Watch a throng in sadness go;
O'er their burden sea-weeds golden
That Death clutched from chasms low,

'Neath the dark pines slow there wending,
From my sight they fade away;
All, one summer day's sad ending,
Life in grief, life, death's cold clay.

THE FIRST SNOWDROP.

FLUTTERING floats from the gray cloud's gown
A tiny bit of blood-stained down,
While a bird with quavering cries I see,
Slower, more slower, wing over the lea.

A tiny bit of blood-stained down
From a beautiful mottled feathered gown,
A bit of down from a well-plumed breast,
A bit of down where its heart might rest.

I know not whether the land or sea
Gave the joyousness to the bird's bright glee,
But I know the blood on the down was hot,
And I know in the blue of heaven he fought,

And baffled with life, and moaned and cried,
Till lower to earth he fluttered and died.
And I hurried my steps and sought the place,
And a snowdrop lay on its feathered face,

As if sweet Spring had heard its cry,
Aloft in the zephyrs, soft sweeping by,
And sadly stole to the blossoming earth,
And plucked from the flowers her sweetest birth.

And placed on the blood-drenched breast of down
A snowdrop fair, in its plumaged gown,
As if to console for its spirit fled,
To moan for its song, to silence wed.

TO A CUCKOO.

Thy grief, O bird, what shadows throw
Around thy heart their veils of woe?

From aspens lone thy weird note bounded,
Hollow, unreal, its echo sounded,

The day is fair, the sweet sunshine
Alike for thee ; O bird, why pine

Amid the thicket's lonely gloom,
And blend 'mid joy a note of doom ?

The sunlit slope, yon lovely down,
Is like thy russet coat of brown ;

Thy tapering wings and golden beak,
Thy slender form a grace bespeak.

No happy bird would build its nest,
No happy bird would seek its rest,

Where blossoms die, and dank leaf-mould
Chill ev'ry gleam of sunshine gold.

The griefs thou nurture, the unrest
That dwell within thy mottled breast,

Veil all the sunshine from the day,
And Melancholy yields its sway.

AT PIGEON COVE.

LIKE some great soul in thought, the gray sea gleams,
'Neath radiant spanglings of a sun,
A ship becalms, a tired sea-bird dreams,
And day is done.

From frag'nt moors I breathe the early night wind's breath,
A great gray hawk, a stag'ring buccaneer,
Wings to the silent marsh, while glooms like death
Tell night draws near.

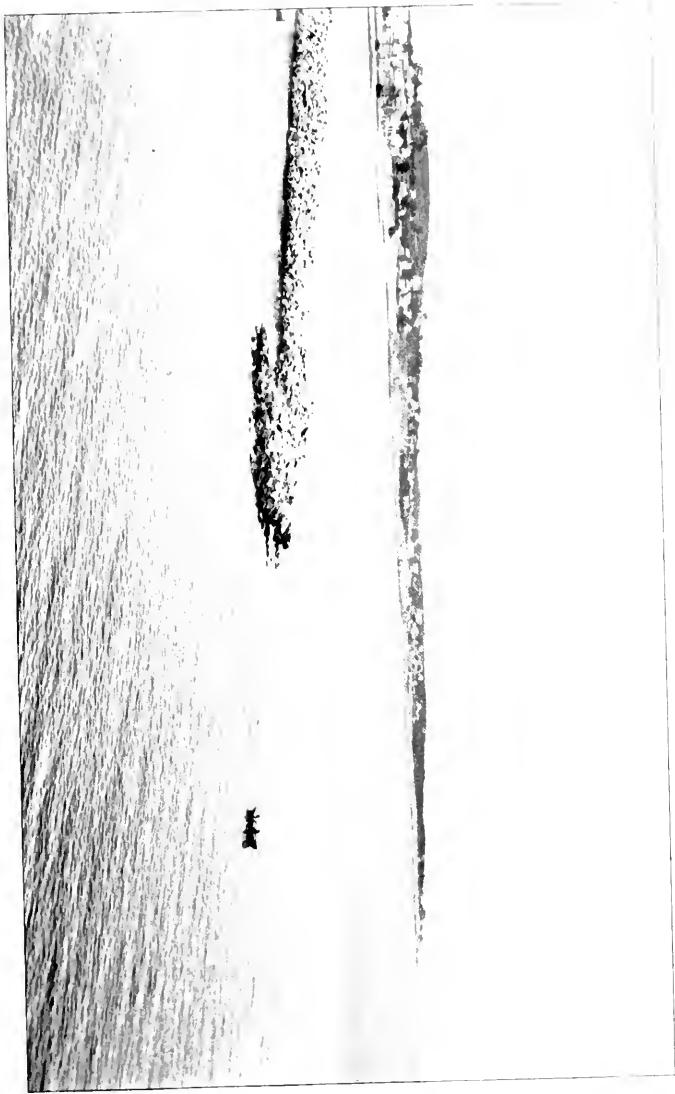
Each fading leaf, like shattered harps untuned,
Each little blade with glist'ning dews begemmed,
Seen' ringing out sad notes by night fays runed,
In osiers hemmed.

A flock of aimless swallows tangling wing,
As though they fain would tie the air in knots,
Gray linnets for a moment madly sing
'Mid aster plots.

A locust claps its res'nant wings, and hies
Adown the long gray hill path's twisting line,
A star comes out, and gems the still night skies
Like some sweet sign.

A startled thrush, my footfall hasty bids
To give alarms to quiet brakens still,
Where crickets chirp, and tiny katy-dids
Do trysts fulfil.

Piloton Corp.



And love is here, one great, great love that Time,
In all its mighty changings, ne'er can change,
One great, great love, that ceaseless voices chime,
Where'er you range.

'T is morn of night, when life to ev'ry thing would rest,
And lazy Porphyrus from his couch awakes,
The holy time when all things God's attest,
The soul it makes.

— * —

THE BLUETS.

In mosses green
A charming scene,
To me a sweet surprise,
In bright array
This fair spring day
The bluets greet my eyes.

Each dainty cup
Is lifted up
With tints of heaven's hue;
Each budding gem
A diadem
Bespangled with the dew.

Like tiny shields
Amid the fields,
On bodies, slim and frail,
They wave and bend
And sweetly send
The welcome Spring's All hail!

Where bright sunshine
By one divine
Can reach each fragile heart,
They lovely gleam
Like some sweet dream
And Joy's sweet pulses start.

My better self
(The heart's stored wealth)
Enraptured at the sight,
On each sweet face
Sees Heaven's grace
And life, immortal, bright.

Oh, tiny blooms,
When waking tombs
Lie buried 'neath the snow,
And Death doth keep
Guard o'er thy sleep
And blust'ring winds they blow,

Backward apace
My heart will trace,
And bring, begemmed with dew,
'Mid mosses green
The charming scene
Of you, sweet buds of blue.

THE GRASSHOPPER.

When daisies sway,
And lilies bend
And sunbeams play,
I love to wend
And watch a little vaulter climb
Trapezes, deftly hung by Time.

In palest green,
He's neatly dressed,
To match gay seen
A lemon vest,
With hose of richest amber tint,
He rests supreme on thistles' lint.

When arid gleams
The sun-tanned slope,
And parched streams
Do sluggish grope,
I love to see him deftly strive
To keep his little self alive.

How oft, have I
In boyhood's prime,
When youth did hie
Joy's halcyon time,
Swift stole from bliss a moment's rapture,
The little vaulter strove to capture.

To start alert
To fragrant disks
Of thoroughwort
With many risks
Of bramble cuts and brook-soaked feet
To grasp him from rich nectars sweet;

And rouse the gleam
Of silent wings,
A magic dream
Of flutterings,
The butterflies o'erdrunk with dew,
In raiments only rainbows knew;

And peering find
Some warbler's home,
With horse-hair lined,
'Neath floral dome
Of white-thorn petals, white as snow,
The breaths of June had yet to blow;

And hear the croak
Of turtles deep,
Whose rest I'd broke
From miry sleep,
And mark how fair God's image shone
On every thing my heart would own.

Until the purpling fires of eve
Their flaming signals faint would leave
To bid Bob White to sweetly call,
And bid night's dusky curtains fall.

Ah, little one ! to sing of thee
Mayhap has frowned fair poesy,
But thou, divinest Goddess fair,
Who welcomes thought from everywhere.

Oh, see in these rough words of mine
A love for thee, more holier shine ;
A love divine, I humble bring
From Nature's shrine as offering.

THE FIELD MICE.

Oh, what racing,
Oh, what chasing,
Through those crisp leaves, sear and brown !
When the sun's face
Wove the frost's lace,
On the thistles' withered crown.

Oh, what whisking,
Oh, what frisking,
As they hied to each domain !
When the wind grieved,
And the snow weaved
Phantom glories o'er the plain.

Oh, what bustling,
Oh, what hustling,
As they garnered wintry store.
Peeping this way,
Peeping that way,
From each tiny, grass-draped door.

Oh, what cuddling,
Oh, what huddling,
In each wee home shut from sight,
As the snow falled,
And the blasts called
Grim defiance to the night !

Oh, what pleasure,
That my leisure,
In this Autumn day's decline,
Brings that sweet year,
And those days dear,
And those merry revels fine !

To remember
That November,
And those fond fled days of old,
Childhood's fancies,
Necromancies,
When the field-mice to me told !

There was given,
Once from heaven,
Instinct to each living mite,
By those gambols
Through those tangles,
When first fell that winter night.

Are they sleeping,
Watching, keeping
Records as the days do go ?
For the Spring-time,
When the birds chime,
Or when dead leaves mound the snow ?

Are they dreaming,
Fancies teeming,
Of the day they gave me joy ?
When free roaming,
Through the gloaming
Home I came, that happy boy ?

A DAY WITH SHAKESPEARE AT THE SINGING SANDS.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

From hate eternal love immortal sprang,
And lit two hearts that Fate so grim allied,
That in Love's flame they suffered, grieved, and died.
From hate eternal seraphs sweeter sang,
From hate eternal heaven's blue portals rang,
How love can conquer hate and silence pride.

How Death can silence hate and grimly chide,
And leave in Life an ever-aching pang.
These thoughts they come to me who fain would bring
The days of long ago, when love was set
By Fate in such a tangled thread of woe,
That Death was welcomed to sad suffering,
The memory of the lovely Juliet,
The memory of the sad, sad Romeo.

TO TOBY BELCH, IN "TWELFTH NIGHT."

Toby, ev'ry day I see, in Life's great mart,
Thyself's portray'l. Ever proving unto me
In one's great planning, mirth, and deviltry,
To our fashioning played no small a part
To unknown consummations of an art
We live in hope some day to solve and see
When o'er life's bourne, the tired soul wings free,
And languid heart throbs fail to beat or start.

Toby, for all thy rudeness there is love
For thee within my kindly heart's repose,
That gives compassion to such ones as thou
Who veil their better selves where'er they rove,
And e'er their groggy senses sleepy doze,
Unconscious drop the pearl to God somehow.



Singing Sirens of Manchester

TO OLIVIA IN "TWELFTH NIGHT."

I LAUGH a merry laugh, Olivia, and bid its effervescent
sprites to speed
To Hymen. Thou who gave to one no meed
But blazoned loved paternity, thy star
Should be out-witted by fair Viola,
Who so disguised herself by word and deed
To ope thy heart's locked gates, and merry lead
Thee witless captive through Illyria.
Oh woman! woman! since the birth of Eve,
Man ever found thee hard to foil, I own,
The vantage-ground of love you could so vex,
But who, oh who, I pray, could once believe
That thou, through Love, thy own charms did disown,
More strange out-witted by thy own sweet sex.

TO BEATRICE IN "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."

A jewelled flagon filled with beaded wine,
A crystal chalice sparkling to o'erbrim,
Rose-capped, with breaths of vineyards. Nectared film,
Exhaling sweet the south wind's breaths divine,
'Mid odorous fragrance sweet of eglantine,
And whirring wings of pheasants, golden dressed
'Neath skies resplendent in an Orient west.
Like these as brilliant the rich wit of thine,
Sweet Beatrice, gay, mirthful maid of old,
Sad Hero's friend and Benedick's worst tease;
Old Leonato's child, beloved by him,
Thyself, sweet maid, the flagon rich of gold,
Thy wit, bright as the wine from Hippocrene's release,
Thy life, pure as the beaded bubbling film.

THE DISCHARGE.

If red head Kipp'n goes wid me
As dory-mate, I swear
Dat you'll be 'sponsible if he
Kitch not his eq'l share,
You knows as well as I, Tim Noon,
Red Kipp'n is a bum,
An' gits as crazy as de loon
W'en he don't 'ave his rum.

You 'spects I'll sit upon de t'wart
An' pull dem Georgie oars,
Wile lazy Kipp'n, fat an' short,
Lays in de bow an' snores?
Yer t'inks I'll drop dem ten poun' leads
An' yank dem cod-lines, too,
An' scrap my nippers inter shreds,
Fer jis er pleasin' you?

Yer intress is my intress, Skip,
Yer welfare is my plum;
I's good as gold fer ev'ry trip,
Be big er less de sum.
I'll strain dese arms dat's now like ropes.
An' swell dese j'ints an' knucks
Trough laders of ole Nepses soaps;
But not wid shiftless hucks.

I guys yer warnin', Skip, 'tis bes'
Yer let Red Kipp'n go;
I guys yer warnin', an' I guess
Yer'll t'ank me fer some show.

I'se keeps yer from er 'aving, Skip,
 W'en wese begin ter sail;
 An' de ole craf' wid roll an' dip
 Is duck'n' out de gale.

De debbil, Skip! dere 's Kipp'n now,
 Er reeling down der w'arf;
 His head like some ole brin'le cow,
 Er nipp'n' grasses off.
 Hello dere, Kipp'n! Yer der stuff;
 Ter scare der fish from 'ooks,
 An' make dis ole craf' reef an' luff,
 Er debbling wid der spooks.

Caught de ole 'ooman's rickets, Kip,
 Or 'ave de 'appy shuff?
 See, der good rum he 's spill'n, Skip!
 Say, Kipp'n, dat's ernough!
 If you's gut all yer guzzle 'old
 We'll takes er swig, hey Skip!
 It's good fer nights w'en felle's cold
 An' can't mu's up er chip.

Say, Kipp'n, ware 's yer freck's all gone?
 Yer face is w'ite as milk.
 Yer looks er sun flow'r 'mid der corn
 Dat's tossing out its silk;
 Yer look er camp-fire in de snow
 A candle wid its light;
 Yer look likes w'en de win's dey blow
 De stars out in de night.

Ole ooman 'ad a fracas, Kip,
 Or guved yer lots er jaw?
 Yer better jerk yer bag dis trip
 An' study wid her law.

I tinks yer 'll find it to our likes
 'Dan in de bow to snore,
 Wile oder peoples wurk like tikes,
 An' guvs yer 'alf on shore.

Don't try ter pull dat butt apart!
 Nor spill dat pickle 'roun',
 Nor try to play an oxin cart
 Wid dem ole fish flakes brown,
 Nor cirkis on de capsin,
 If yer do not want a baf,
 For de old docks can make one stiff,
 W'en no one's roun' ter laf.

I say dere, Kipp'n, Skip an' me
 Ben waggin' roun' our jaw,
 An' wes conclude er man at sea
 Mus' kine er lif' er paw,
 Mus' jump er roun', an' crack de oars
 An' guy de foams er swish,
 An' slat de ropes, an' sweat 'is pores
 Ter git er trip er fish.

An' we's conclude dat you's n.g.
 Fer w'at dis craf requires;
 An' we's conclude you'd better be
 Still ten'nin' rumses fires.
 Ye'd make a headlight in de night,
 A signal in de gale,
 But you's er wrong one, where de right
 Is needed w'en we's sail.

TO THE HEROES OF THE AMSTERDAM.

Who says that the days of chivalry's o'er?

The hero lives only in deeds of the past?

That the fountain of Hippocrene ne'er shall outpour

A beaker again, or the laurel wreath cast?

Who says that the hero lives but in the past,

When the tumult of wars made heroes uplift,

And men sank to earth by the sabre held fast,

That the paons of Liberty fairer might drift?

Who says that the killing of men was the thing,

The embryo dreadful for heroes to rise,

From the days of the old, when the vestals did sing,

And incense uprolled o'er the sad sacrifice?

From the tumult of wars, since the earth first began

To the last civic strife that our own hearts do know,

Who says that the life blood of man must drench man,

Forever, forever, e'er heroes shall show?

Who says that the treacherous wastes of the deep,

The fickle Rialto, where winds do convene,

Where earth seems forgotten, and life seems asleep,

And only hereafter forever seems seen;

Where night seems to double each twinkling star,

Or cannily blots them forever from view,

And the moon twins itself 'neath billows afar

That a hero might here find something to do?

Let wars be forgotten; for a time let be dead

The acclaims of the Victor weighting a past,

Let the wild rush of legions and infantry tread,

Turn, turn thy gaze, where the depths lengthen vast;

Where fierce billows lift, and men pale and white
 Are battling with Death, to make love still shine,
 With nothing to gain, mayhap heaven's light,
 But oh, still proclaiming a hero's divine.

Let strife be forgotten, for a time let be dead
 The acclaims of the Victor, weighting the past.
 Immortelles of genius have bayed each proud head,
 Their glories long voiced by the centuries vast.
 Let the dark strife of nations, and despotic sway,
 For a time fade from view, o'er Lethe's streams far fade,
 For the lutes of my heart are singing a lay,
 List, list to this song, that they strangely have played.

SONG.

The cry of the norther has echoed the waste,
 A vessel is reefing and furling,
 Dark storm-clouds aloft through a furrowed air haste
 And cold foams are hissing and curling.
 Death glares to the port, death glares to the lea,
 Death is abaft, and trembles amain,
 Tired men hope, still a pitiless sea
 Sings on forev'r, its wild, wild refrain :

Batten and reef, speed cables and send
 Anchors of iron to fathoms below,
 Here am I master, till time's race doth end,
 Here am I master, full well do ye know.

Batten and reef, flare signals, and ring,
 Echoless cries on blasts of the wind ;
 My hydra-like legions are lithe when they spring,
 Fierce as the hydra, they crush and they bind.

Batten and reef, and baffle me bold,
Only some symbol of love shall o'er sway
The power divine unrelentless I hold,
And life die for life in my arms cold and gray.

The fierce deep is answered, o'er mist and o'er spray,
A smoke-plume upcurls on the rage of the wind,
From a far fatherland, for many a day,
It has sped loving hearts from loving hearts kind;
It has rolled o'er the calm, and drifted the wave,
And blued the white mists of the east, cold and drear,
And cannily sunk on the unmarked grave,
Where forever has vanished hope's saddest tear.

Like a talisman, beautiful, nearer it drifts,
Despairing hearts cry to a God, joys proclaim.
Grander, still grander, it gloriously lifts,
While Fear's pallid cheeks light Hope's brightest flame.
It comes with the tribute the fierce sea demands,
A fatherland's children, beloved, and most dear,
A sacrifice, ringing the breadths of all lands,
Bound with Youth's garlands, never to sear.

It glorious lifts, like a herald divine
It fills the bright chalice of joy to o'erfill,
And bids bravest souls drink deep of the wine,
Pulsating the hearts of fear, almost still.
It glorious lifts, while Death grimly waits
For the tribute divine, that love grandly pays,
While on wail the depths like hideous Fates
Chanting the dirges of fierce roundlays.

Batten and reef, flare signals and ring
Echoless cries on blasts of the wind,
My hydra-like legions are lithe when they spring,
Fierce as the hydra, they crush and they bind.

Batten and reef, and baffle me bold,
 Only some symbol of love shall o'erstay,
The power divine unrelentless I hold,
 And life die for life, in my arms cold and gray.

You know the rest, how they battled the deep,
 And baffled the winds, and strained the stout oar,
And gave up their lives for the hero's proud sleep,
 And sank in Death's arms, for Lethe's silent shore.
How they battled for *Love*, that love's saintly star
 Might shine on resplendent, forever, to man,
Till beautiful over heaven's white bar
 The breaths of existence have lengthened their span.

WHEN WINDS BLEW DEAD AHEAD.

"I wounly not sail to-night, Jim,
The winds blow dead ahead;
The moon low o'er the deep, Jim,
Brings to me thoughts of dread.
Forgive a woman's fears, Jim,
But oh! I see you now
As I saw you in my dream, Jim,
With sea-weeds 'bove your brow.

"I told you when we wed, Jim,
When I was young and fair,
Those charms that I have lost, Jim,
By sharing every care;
I told you when you won, Jim,
The heart I gave to thee,
In taking you I'd share, Jim
Each sorrow of the sea.

"But oh, last night I dreamed, Jim,
I dreamed that you were dead;
I dreamed the winds blew fierce and wild.
The winds blew dead ahead.
Like trembling ghosts, upon the sea
I saw each white sail shake,
I saw you at the wheel, Jim,
Believe me, for your sake,

"I saw the vessel tack, Jim,
Then on the waves stand still,
I saw her lurch and plunge, Jim
Then ev'ry canvas fill;

I saw you at the wheel, Jim,
Plain as I see you now,
Your face was deadly pale, Jim,
The damp lay o'er your brow.

“I heard you give commands, Jim,
Astanding there alone,
I saw a tear-drop fall, Jim,
I claimed it for my own;
I saw the combers rise, Jim,
And lifted high in air,
I saw the vessel plunge, Jim,
Sink down with you so fair.

“I saw you lift a hand, Jim,
Above the seething foam,
I heard you call my name, Jim,
And murmur child and home;
Then down, down, down, I saw you sink
Down in the silent deep,
While sea-weeds kissed your brow, Jim,
Cold in death's final sleep.

“I'm haunted by a fear, Jim,
The dream it will come true,
That I am soon to lose you, Jim,
Beneath the waters blue;
I see you lying, wan and pale,
Upon the ocean's bed,
My dream foretold just such a night,
And winds blew dead ahead.

“I'll go and close the shutters, Jim,
And by the drift-wood flame
I'll bring again some olden time
When first I took your name;

I'll banish every thought, Jim,
 Ot dreams, and ev'ry fear
Shall turn to smiles and love, Jim,
 Just knowing you are near.

"The light is going out, Jim,
 The flame is nearly dead,
T is nearing on to twelve, Jim,
 The hour to part, you said.
The child within the cradle, Jim,
 And I so pale and frail,
Might touch your heart a bit, Jim,
 To weather such a gale."

He took her trembling hand in his,
 And marked its dainty grace,
Then, laughing, brushed the curly locks
 From off her pale white face.
"Oh, little wife, why fret and moan
 Of dreams that ne'er come true;
Three days ago, my trawls were set
 Beneath the waters blue.

"I know the winds blow dead ahead,
 And frightful is the gale,
But if we weather through the night,
 At morn you'll see my sail."
He took her trembling hands in his,
 He kissed her blue lips cold:
He swung his clothes bag o'er his arm;
 Strode out the doorway old.

She heard him lift the dripping oars,
 And row out in the stream,
And saw the wet sails slowly hoist,
 The signal lanterns gleam;

She saw him in the dark night fade,
And vanish from her sight,
As 'bove her rain-wet curly head,
She held the lantern's light.

He loved her, that confiding wife,
Think not he lightly cared,
He only did what fishermen
In Glo'ster town have dared.
Each hope, each joy lay in the sea,
His wealth, out in the stream;
And price of fish at morning
O'er weighed the women's dream.

He sailed that night and ne'er came back,
And oft a woman pale,
When winds blow fierce, and winds blow wild
And dreadful is some gale,
Will sadly kiss a listening child
And stroke its curly head,
And tell it what a dream forewarned,
When winds blew dead ahead.

EVENING AT NILES BEACH.

FAIR eve, in purple mantles clad, again the hills have
crowned,
And by the reedy lilled mere, the birds their vespers sound;
I spurn dull care, and in the lovely twilight's mellow shade,
I watch the regal pageantry the dying sun has made.
And thou, my heart's delight, oh, lovely, lovely sea-girt isle,
Alone with thee I'll bid sad parting day whose fading smile
Still lingers soft upon thy rugged cliffs, a sweet delight,
Whispering a tender farewell, — a fond good night.
Ah, lovely isle, not alone, when eve doth bid adieu
With fond embrace, that then thy charms are brought to
view.
Lovely alway, e'en where the alien hand, those charms doth
rend
That Flora, with her laughing sylvan train, did joyous lend
To cheer the lonely path, or sheltered by-way, half forgot,
That I in eagerness of youth, with happy pleasure sought,
And with a soul entranced, enriched with beauties that did
teem,
Light-hearted stole away and planned my boyhood's early
dream;
Watching the white sails fade away, I'd think of rovers bold
Who dwelt in mighty castles great, the feudal days of old;
Watching the reedy mere and the green flags, slender
growing,
I'd dream of Merrie England, and Avon sweetly flowing,
Oft in thy rugged oaken grove, bordered by brake and fen,
I'd picture lovely Rosalind and Celia in Arden;
Hear merry Jaques' cheering laugh, and see the exiled

Duke —

Wanderers from ancestral halls — a usurper's hand had took,
Oit by some lovely daisied glade I'd linger all alone,
And read, and laugh at Audrey, to believe her fond Touch-
stone;
Nor close my book, till o'er the fields, the curfew bell I'd
hear,
The Conqueror's rigid custom, in the days of great Shakes-
peare,
That genius, who has left the world the richest thoughts yet
given,
Save the blind bard who, long ago, revealed the strife in
Heaven.
And as I'd linger, in some fond forgotten day's decline,
Some holy Sabbath eve, and hear the bells their praises sign,
I ne'er could doubt the influence of a greater Being's spell,—
Where'er I turned his wonders shone o'er forest, field, and fell;
And when my youth had fled, the early spring-time of my
life,
My happiest days, my boyhood's days, so free from care and
strife,
And I began life's fickle road that leads to joy or pain,
I'd dream of you, oh, lovely isle, and wish those days again.
E'en in the city's brilliant glare, where stranger faces throng,
Amid the stage's excited cries of mirth, and jest, and song,
I'd dream again the long ago, my heart would find content,
I'd think of you, oh, lovely isle, and of the joys once lent.
And now a truant do I come, oh, lovely isle, once more,
To linger in this day's decline beside thy rocky shore.
And as I view the old, old charms that lie within my range,
I see to-night with tearful eye, a change.
There high upon the hill I see the lone dismantled Fort,
Built in Rebellion's bloody war to guard the old seaport;
Its walls have shrunken to decay, by brambles overgrown,
Forgotten, it silent stands, a suppliant all alone.

The barns, that once in summer time were brim with sweet
mown hay,
Are tottering now 'neath Time's grim load; and dusty cob-
webs gray
Have veiled the dusty windows, yet the merry martins' call
Remind again the long ago as the silent shadows fall.
Yet happy I, for all thy change is man's, not nature's fair;
Though secret byways common now, and stranger voices fill
the air,
Man cannot change the sunset's kiss athwart thy vernal green,
Or change the sea's tumultuous flight, where the ghostly
beacon's seen.
Man with all his skill, that blooms the upturned sod,
Cannot bring so sweet a bloom as thy gardens decked by God.
Man can but paint, but imitate, though skilful may he be,
Thy grand old cliffs, thy waving green, thy ever-changing sea.

'Mid the fulness of our glories,
From the Past's immortal stories,
Man was man, and God creator,
To a sternly written law;
Could Apelles, in his longing
To the rose, his canvas 'dorning,
Paint the perfume of its beauty,
Wafted o'er its native lea?
Or when Angelo in rapture,
Vainly sought from Life to capture
Voice for marble lips unmoving,
Almost human he did bring,
Learn the might of unseen power
I behold this evening hour,
In sweet glories regal dying,
That to Lethe's dark lands do wing?

A KID FOR HIS KEEP.

THEY sent him aloft, in the dead of night,
To furl the white topsail above the mast,
When the white sprays dashed o'er the riggings light,
And the white wake lay like a viper vast.
They sent him aloft from a dreamy sleep
Of a love and home that he never knew,
They sent him aloft for to earn his keep,
In the dead of night when the wild winds blew.

The watch at the wheel saw him slowly climb,
'Way up where the ropes and the riggings sung,
And saw him shudder full many a time,
As he trembling reached where the topsail swung.
The watch at the wheel saw a tiny speck,
A boy for his keep, on the cross-trees light,
As the vessel swept o'er reef and o'er wreck,
And through silver foams of the phosphors white.

The watch at the wheel had enough to do,
For a craft at sea for one man is care,
To steer it well in the day's bright blue,
Let alone what the night doth bid him dare.
The watch at the wheel had enough to do,
To think of a boy, and one for his keep,
'Way up where the winds like mad goblins blew,
A-surfing a white topsail, half asleep.

The watch at the wheel was a thing to care,
Yet many a time did his brave heart start,
As he heard the shrouds taunt the screeching air
And saw a white hand clutch the sails apart.

The watch at the wheel knew ten tired men
Like dead things slept in their bunks below,
And a needful rest was more than to ken
How a "kid" got on, or how winds did blow.

The watch at the wheel had enough to do,
As he whirled the helm like a thing of stone,
To peer the white mists where the bow sprays flew,
And deafened the creak of the windlass's groan.
The watch at the wheel had enough to think,
Than to bid his thoughts to gray cross-trees high,
To curve the sogged keel o'er the red moon's brink,
And keep the damp rails from its ruddy dye.

The watch at the wheel, when he saw him fall,
And heard the dull splash as the vessel swept,
Was the only one man out of them all,
When the crew came up, that e'en sighed or wept.
He knew what the night had been, well enough ;
He could hear the winds, see the dark seas rough,
And, furling a white topsail, half asleep,
A trembling boy, a kid for his keep.

TO A MESSINA LINNET.

SWEET bird, enchanting thoughts bright bringing
Sweet bird from fair Messina's vales,
In thee I hear gay laughter ringing,
In thee I list love's sweetest tales.

Ye rob'd minstrel, brown and golden,
With em'rald hues upon thy breast,
In thy sweet songs come fond days olden,
And proofs of love, in love's behest.

Sweet bird, in you bright eyes are gleaming;
Sweet bird, in you light footsteps fall;
Sweet bird, in you a heart o'er-teeming
Wak'ns again to your tuneful call.

Sweet bird, in you a gay beguiler,
With voice as sweet as thy sweet song,
Too pure for purity to revile her,
Comes again in a charming wrong.

Sweet Beatrice (thou 't never seen her),
But long ago, bright bird, there dwelt
In thy sweet clime, blue-skied Messina,
A maiden that would rapture melt.

A winning tease, for aye enchanting,
A human rill of rippling mirth,
From honor's paths never recanting,
Lived, sweet bird, in thy land of birth.

All loved her, this bright living jewel,
All loved her, this enchanting tease.
Perhaps, sweet bird, she loved full well
Such sylvan melodies as these.

Perhaps, sweet bird, when eve declining
Strewed roses in her fond pathway,
In sweet Sicilian bowers reclining,
She listened to such plaintive lay

As thou, sweet bird, to-night art singing,
Singing in melody's sweetest chime;
Songs of enchantment dreamily winging
Joys of the sweet Sicilian clime.

LOREL.

SWEET Lorel sits at even's close,
Her clasp'd hands are white and cold;
Above her pale, white forehead blows
Her unloosed tresses fair of gold.
Sweet Lorel, like an angel seems,
Unearthly, in the quaint old room.
Around her like an halo, gleams
The sunlight, fading into gloom.

When Lorel woke at yester-morn,
How blithe and sweet the birds they sung!
Upon each cheek a rose was born;
Like bands of gold her tresses hung.
She kissed a stalwart youth; a smile
She bade him bear across the waves,
That rosy gleamed for many a mile
Above the gloom of nameless graves.

All through the day the birds they sung,
And like a bird sung Lorel fair,
Two snowy curtains light she hung
Above the latticed windows rare;

And sweet, a pale, white blooming rose
She placed against the snowy lace,
She little dreamed, at even's close,
Like that white rose would be her face.

All through the morn the breezes blew
The lily, fragrant in the vale.
The blackbirds o'er the rushes flew,
And 'mid the brake, low piped the quail.
The mallows sent their regal gleam,
And flecked the merry swallow's breast,
That sped in one enchanting dream
Above the lily's saint-like crest.

Like lilies fair upon the sea,
The white gulls dreamed upon the brine ;
The curlews piped in merry glee
Above the gray sand's silver line.
The golden sun attained its height,
And slow, with listless, tired feet,
Athrough the clovers, pink and white,
The kine came down through meadows sweet.

You'd hardly dream that 'mid the bliss
Of that fair, early summer's day,
A smile forever and a kiss
Lay on an ice-cold cheek of clay.
You'd hardly dream a maiden's face,
So richly vying with the rose,
Would fade away, and lilies place
Each tender blush, at even's close.

'T was 'twixt the day and early gloom
They brought him slow, across the sands,
And entered in the quaint old room,
And laid him down with rough brown hands.

'T was 'twixt the night and day's sweet close,
Sweet Lorel's hopes forever fled,
As slow she cut the pale, white rose,
And placed it 'bove his heart of lead.

A WINTER BANKER.

THEY left the port when the grim night fell;
In the stern they huddled, and gazed on home,
The east wind bidding the keeper's bell
To ring good-bye o'er the flut'ring foam.

In the stern they huddled, the veering wind
Abidding them shift to port in glee,
A moment to rest, and then madly find
Some freak to lurch them again to lea

There were men too old, with hearts too dead,
To brave and to dare what young hearts do;
There were men whose lives Fate's paths had led
To wear 'bove their brows its dark tattoo.

There were men, fond fathers, with shattered hopes;
There were men, hard masters, no wife could miss,
If Death should sunder the bolted ropes,
And sunken cheeks should the unseen kiss.

There were men who 'd sing if death should come,
And laugh to take their chance anon;
Men whose full lives were the total sum
Of sin supreme, most grossly won.

There were men so earnest men so good,
Devotion flaming from out each eye;
True men who so bravely had withstood
The festering tooth of calumny.

There were youths who hoped some day to be
A captain bold and to whirl the wheel,
To give commands, and to some day see
A stately craft with the trimmest keel.

There were youths whose cheeks a mother 'd kissed
In sweet Acadia's hallowed lands ;
Brave youths, that the fiords' breaths had glist
In the far Norwegian's marbled lands.

There were souls there 'sembedled, when grim night fell,
There were faces blended, when for aye she sped,
That over my soul has left a spell,
That strange haunts me ; they were for the dead.

—

ONE AUTUMN DAY.

THROUGH flames of the leaves
The late robins wing,
My heart, my heart grieves,
As sadly they sing.
The thistle has aged,
Its pink tresses are wan ;
The linnet has paged
Sad notes in the corn.
My heart, my heart grieves.

There's sighs in the brak'n
Wherever I go;
In hill paths forsak'n,
The gray wrens crouch low;
The crickets cry eerie,
Like uncanny things,
While out on the sea
The ghost foam upsprings.
My heart, my heart grieves.

Discordant the wind
Is moaning aloft;
The black beetles find
No rest on the croft;
The crowen watch sternly
From gray ledge and wall,
While out on the sea
The winter gulls call.
My heart, my heart grieves.

The flame of the noon
Bids early the night;
To worry the moon
Dark storm clouds delight;
There's grieving and fretting
Wherever we go,
But let's be forgetting
What makes our sorrow;
Though in grief's sad setting,
Much, much, do we know,
My heart, and we grieve.

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